



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

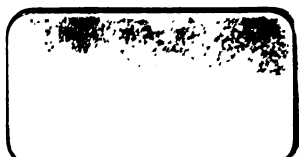
D

Y

10



600065120K



1. 1. 1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6. 1. 1.

7.

8. 1. 1.

9. 1. 1.

10. 1. 1.

11. 1. 1.



# OUT OF THE WORLD.

A Novel.



By MARY HEALY,

AUTHOR OF "LAKEVILLE," "A SUMMER'S ROMANCE," ETC. ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

London :

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, LOW, & SEARLE,  
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1875.

[*All rights reserved.*]

251. b. 543.

LONDON:  
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,  
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

## CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I.—HIGH-BORN . . . . .	1
II.—LOW-BORN . . . . .	20
III.—CARD HOUSES . . . . .	37
IV.—WHAT THE WILLOW-TREE HEARD . . . . .	56
V.—NEW FACES . . . . .	71
VI.—THE SEAL . . . . .	88
VII.—A FIRST SORROW . . . . .	103
VIII.—MADAME FRÉVAL'S GUESTS . . . . .	121
IX.—JEANNE'S DAY OF TRIUMPH . . . . .	141
X.—A TEST . . . . .	159
XI.—VICTORY . . . . .	172
XII.—A MAD RIDE . . . . .	184
XIII.—STORM-DRIVEN . . . . .	202
XIV.—BACK AGAIN . . . . .	227
XV.—JEAN'S REVENGE . . . . .	238



\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

---

# OUT OF THE WORLD.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### HIGH-BORN.

ALBERT, however, did not leave the next day. He seemed in no hurry to see his betrothed. When his father urged him to go, saying that Madame de Banville would, with great justice, accuse him of most unflattering dilatoriness, he replied that he was not well; that his head ached, and that for an interview with such a woman as his future mother-in-law he required perfect mastery over all his faculties. A dull heaviness in the head was not calcu-

lated to give this mastery. The argument was valid, and, though the marquis chafed at this delay, he yielded. Open air being the best of remedies for such a head-ache as that from which Albert suffered, he accordingly spent his time out of doors. He was usually late for meals, ate but little, and spoke less. This lasted three days. All was not smooth and easy for the marquis at this time. He, who was accustomed to regard his will as the one law of his immediate circle, found himself thwarted on more than one occasion. He had wished to invite Rose de Banville and her daughter to the St. Henri. These things would have gone naturally and easily under his own immediate supervision. Against this plan Paul had protested so vehemently that it had been abandoned; he had protested also against the alliance, but there his father stood his ground. Madame de Banville was

innocent of all wrong. He defended her with such warmth that it was very evident that he was perfectly sincere in his convictions. That the lady's reputation, justly or unjustly, had suffered, he was obliged to confess; and that he had no right to bring such a woman in contact with a young girl entrusted to his charge, he reluctantly admitted; but that unjust accusations brought against a woman worthy of all esteem should suffice to prevent an alliance with that woman's young and innocent daughter, whose youth and innocence were furthermore heavily gilded, he energetically denied. He had given his word, and the marriage was to be. Paul, who in his way was quite as proud as his father, bitterly resented this degradation; he had no illusions about Madame de Banville; he, like his brother, had heard her story, and knew her for what she was; but he was powerless to

prevent the match. He had so detached himself from the family interests that he had no voice in the matter. Besides, claiming, as he did, liberty of action for himself, he could scarcely deny that same liberty to his brother ; so, having protested in vain, he refused to speak again on the subject.

At last Albert announced his departure for the following morning, and was immediately overwhelmed with commissions. A journey to Toulouse was an opportunity not to be missed ; Ernestine busied herself making out a list, the length of which was enough to frighten any man, especially if that man happened to be a brother. But Albert was good nature itself ; he laughed, and made all promises required ; he seemed in excellent spirits ; the cloud had passed from him ; he no longer complained of his head. But then we all know that plenty of out-door exercise

is an all-powerful agent in curing such troubles. Aimée also had her list, about which she was very particular; but the things she required were not for herself; they were for Jeanne. The marquis, after all, had been forced to open the secret drawer, and to take from his cherished hoard a certain number of gold pieces. The sacrifice was a hard one, but it was accomplished with silent heroism. It was Aimée who, being regarded as an authority on all such subjects, had taken the superintendence of the different wardrobes—of Jeanne's in particular. The marquis, who would have protested under any other circumstances, did not dare to protest now. This forthcoming visit to Monrepos, which was in direct opposition to his ideas of life, to which he had given his consent very reluctantly, now appeared to him in quite a different light. It had at last entered his head that

Aimée was not to be treated as he would have treated one of his own daughters for instance. She was not to be driven, but with judicious diplomacy she might be guided; she was romantic; she had absurd ideas on the subject of love. Albert had told him that, in reality, Paul was far from displeasing to her; therefore, once away from Les Tourelles, among scenes which in no way would remind her of a stratagem which had excited her violent indignation, the affair might take a very different aspect in her eyes, and, who knew? the double marriage might after all take place in the early autumn! Caressing these fancies, he yielded to all Aimée's exigencies; he yielded, groaning in secret, however.

"And you, Paul; have you not your list too?" asked Albert, when the others had retired.

No, Paul had no list, but a seal that he

wore at his watch-chain needed repairing; he would send it to Toulouse for the purpose. This seal was a very curious one; it dated from the sixteenth century, and had always been worn by the eldest son of the house since that time. Albert had one exactly similar, a precise copy made a century later, but which it required an antiquarian to distinguish from the original. Albert took the little object, and then the brothers parted. There was not much sympathy between the two; Paul distrusted his younger brother. His life in Paris was not clearly defined enough to satisfy a punctilious sense of honour, and this projected marriage crowned that life with only too much appropriateness. On the other hand, Albert entertained for Paul a sort of contempt. He was a man to whom fortune had offered a first powerful help in giving him an independence, and who,



instead of using that as a step to other things, had remained stationary. He was a dreamer, who let other men outstrip him. Then he was not loyal to his caste ; and one who does not embrace the principles, the prejudices, even the ridicules of his class, belongs in fact to none ; he is an anomaly. Still, when by chance the brothers met under the same roof, they were good friends enough. They rarely, if ever, broached serious questions, on which they were sure to differ, and on unimportant questions they agreed well enough.

Madame de Banville was getting seriously annoyed at the non-appearance of her future son-in-law. The marquis's little notes of excuse did not satisfy her. Still she was not a woman to allow pique to run away with her judgment. She had a purpose to accomplish, which she had very much at heart ; so, when at last the Vicomte de Varenne was

announced, she composed her face into the sweetest of smiles to receive him. She had all her life made the most of an innocent child-like sort of beauty, in which apparently there was no guile; blue, widely-opened eyes; the softest white and pink skin; the fairest golden hair, falling in gentle ripples, with little vagrant curls playing about the forehead; a look of candid surprise, as though the wickedness of the world astonished and pained her, even when she did not clearly understand its meaning. At thirty-six she looked so young that Albert hesitated to recognize in her the mother of his future wife. This hesitation, which he expressed in terms such as he alone knew how to find, and which was perfectly genuine this time, won for him his pardon more easily than the most elaborate apologies could have done.

Then it must be remembered that every-

thing about Madame de Banville was calculated to enhance her natural advantages; her dress was perfect. She was a little woman, exquisitely formed; she therefore did not make the mistake of overloading herself with ornaments; she usually wore simple, close-fitting dresses of the softest, quietest tints; this greatly added to her juvenile appearance; but for a few, a very few, slight marks about the dainty mouth and white forehead, one might have mistaken her for some naïve maiden just escaped from the school-room.

She received her visitor in the most exquisite of boudoirs, where everything was on a tiny scale—the very place for a confidential conversation. The draperies were of the faintest fawn colour, lined with pink; there was but a half-light admitted; and it must be owned that, sitting in this roseate twilight,

Madame de Banville was very pleasant to look upon.

“Now let us talk of business!” she said, in her sweet, clear voice, after she had gaily answered his compliments. Her hands were crossed on her lap in a helpless, childish fashion. She looked up at Albert with a confiding, pleading look, as though to “talk business” were entirely beyond her power—a cruel necessity to which she was forced to submit. Albert smiled with an immense sense of superiority. The hours passed, and somehow that sense of superiority gradually melted away before the soft words and gently modulated voice of Rose de Banville.

Meanwhile an ungainly girl sat waiting. Agathe had been sent for as soon as the vicomte arrived, told to put on her best school-dress and smooth her hair, as her mother wished to give her a holiday. Agathe

was not deceived by this mild subterfuge, neither were her companions, who watched her leave the study-room with eyes full of envy. She was not yet seventeen, and she was sent for to see her *prétendu*! These innocent damsels, between the hours of study or prayer, talked frequently about their future husbands, about the hour of deliverance, when books, slates, and ill-fitting dresses should be among the things of the past. Most of them knew that a *parti* would be selected for them even before they left the convent. They all hoped that this *parti* would prove to be young and good-looking, as well as rich enough to satisfy their wildest caprices. At any rate it would be a husband, and they all knew that a husband was the only being who could give them freedom, and an entrance into that world of enchantment called Society. Naturally they all wished that the time would come,

and they all envied their companion, who was so young, and yet going to be married!

Agathe, waiting to be called, chatted volubly with her mother's maid Babette, an impudent *soubrette*, who wore wonderful caps. Babette had seen the vicomte enter, and her quick black eyes had noted every point of his personal appearance. She had to describe him over and over again to the impatient young girl.

"I wonder when the wedding will take place!" exclaimed our *ingénue*. "Soon, I hope. I should be in despair if it were not before my seventeenth birthday! It is so nice to say, 'I was married at sixteen!' is it not, Babette? Most young girls have to wait till they are eighteen, or even more. Elise Royer was twenty-three before her parents found her a husband—just think of that! But, then, very few have such a *dot*

as mine! I shall be Madame la Vicomtesse, and I mean to have a boudoir just like mamma's, and oh! so many new dresses! We often talk at school about what we shall find in our *corbeille de noce*. I want jewels and laces more than cachemires and such things. I wish I looked more like mamma. Is there no way of making one's self beautiful, Babette—no washes, powders, or such inventions?"

"Certainly there are. Mademoiselle does not think that madame her mother would look as she does if I did not attend to her constantly? Ah! in the morning early, when I take the cup of chocolate to madame, she is not the same being as she is at this moment, I promise you! The hair that is her own is thin and dull, and she has no colour. I do not paint her vulgarly, but I have preparations of which I and my sister

alone have the secret. My sister is the very maid mademoiselle requires—clever and very discreet—the person among a thousand for a young married lady of rank. Mademoiselle has no idea as yet how indispensable it is to have a maid who is perfection. It saves one from a hundred mischances.”

“I will take your sister, Babette, if she can only make me pretty. O dear! I wonder when mamma will call me; I am so impatient to see the vicomte!”

But Babette made the time pass quickly even with her restless young mistress; she had a hundred amusing details about married life to tell. Agathe listened eagerly until she was at last summoned. At the door of her mother's boudoir she composed her face and entered demurely, with eyes cast down and hesitating step, the very ideal of blushing sixteen. To Albert's polite inquiries about



her health she answered in discreet monosyllables, and then took a chair close to her mother. Madame de Banville caressed her daughter, putting herself in most graceful attitudes for the purpose. These caresses were rarely bestowed in private, but Agathe responded to them with a fervour which gave her loving parent great hopes for her future.

Albert had not expected beauty in his future wife; he had been told that she was not even pretty; but, in spite of his philosophy, he received a shock on seeing her. The contrast with her mother was too painfully great. There are species of ugliness which have redeeming points—an expression which interests; but Mdlle. de Banville, far less ugly than many other women whom he had seen and admired, had none of those redeeming points which made them attractive. She was entirely wanting in charm;

her face was uninteresting; her figure heavy and clumsy. Albert's heart sank within him. Was that being to become the inseparable companion of his life? But his long training would have been of little use had it not enabled him to conceal his great disappointment; he even did his best to draw the silent girl into conversation, but his best efforts were in vain. Agathe had been told that young girls were expected to maintain a modest reserve in the presence of men, especially in the presence of the one who was to become their husband; so, being a well-brought-up young person, she obeyed the precept to the letter. It was a relief to all when dinner was announced. Having shown his *fiancée* all possible attentions which the occasion required, Albert felt at liberty to devote himself exclusively to his mother-in-law elect. He was in excellent

vein, and Madame de Banville responded with charming spirit. They touched on many subjects which the young girl present was supposed not to understand, but to which she listened open-eared, promising herself that she would ask Babette for an explanation of the parts still obscure to her. During the dinner she was able, unnoticed, to examine Albert critically. Nothing escaped her. She found him charming, very good-looking—a man, in fact, worthy of being her husband; still, when she went to prepare for her return to the convent, she was depressed and heavy-eyed. Babette, who was gushingly sympathetic, asked respectfully for an explanation of this depression. Was not M. le Vicomte to mademoiselle's taste?

“Oh, yes; he is very good-looking and amusing; but—but I wish he would look less at mamma and more at me! Am I so very

ugly, Babette?" and, disconsolately enough, the plain girl looked at herself in the tall mirror. Babette consoled her and flattered her outrageously, discussing each feature, and pointing out the means of making the best of nature.

"Mademoiselle must wait till she is married; then she will see what miracles my sister will work! Dress will do much, also; and then mademoiselle must remember that sixteen is not a pretty age, whatever one says on the subject. In a few years all will be well. Mademoiselle will, besides, have learnt to give M. le Vicomte just *un petit soupçon* of jealousy. That is the way to make husbands really devoted!"

Agathe gave the maid a quick, curious glance, then said very demurely,—

"I will pray to my good patroness, St. Agathe, virgin and martyr, that the marriage may soon take place!"

## CHAPTER II.

### LOW-BORN.

ALBERT did not forget that he had a sister in Toulouse. When he took leave of Madame de Banville, somewhat late in the evening, he went directly to Blanche's house; but Blanche was gone to an entertainment of some sort, and so the interview between the brother and sister had necessarily to be postponed. Albert did not regret the delay; indeed, he rather dreaded the first outbreak of Blanche's indignation.

The next morning the young man remembered was Sunday. He rang at Madame de

Banville's door in a rather undecided frame of mind. His own attention to religious duties depended very much upon the convictions of the persons with whom he happened to find himself, and he had neglected to sound the lady on hers. His mind, however, was soon set at rest on this subject.

"You have come just in time to escort me to mass," said the fascinating Rose, who already held a beautiful prayer-book in her hand. The vicomte submissively offered his arm.

Madame de Banville never missed high mass if she could possibly help it, either on Sundays or on great festivals; she had a couple of seats on the first row, stuffed and velvet-covered; she gave largely to charities, and had at last succeeded in obtaining of the curé that he should be seen occasionally at her house. As Albert stood devoutly studying

the lining of his hat, while his companion knelt in a perfectly graceful attitude of devotion, her well-gloved hands hiding her bent-down face, Blanche rustled by, and, with a severe recognition of her brother, cast a glance of scorn and anger at the fair sinner by his side. Rose smiled behind her gloved hands.

“ You should advise your sister to get her things from Paris ; provincial dress-makers are really absurd,” murmured she, as she smoothed down her own dress—a miracle of simplicity and good taste. The murmur reached Blanche’s ears, and made them burn. She had put on her very finest and newest garments of royal purple, a colour for which she had a weakness, perhaps because she thought it had something of an ecclesiastical character. The silk was rich, and rustled as she walked ; but now her dress seemed to her

common and glaring by the side of her little foe's soft greys. She could have cried with vexation, for she was to collect for the poor on this particular Sunday ; it was a thing she was very fond of doing. She liked singularly to make the round of the big church, preceded by the beadle with his gold-laced coat, his staff, his pompous voice, which seemed to say, "Sinners ! if you refuse to put something in that velvet bag, woe be to you !" his very calves in their white stockings swelled with importance—and all this she liked. It was a matter of no little rivalry between her and a certain Madame Brideau, a rich nobody who aspired to usurp her place, and who also carried the velvet bag on certain occasions, as to which should take the largest sum to the sacristy, and also as to which should wear the finest clothes on these occasions. To-day, however, she would



gladly have resigned her place to Madame Brideau, or to any one else, but this could not be.

In due course of time, the "Pour les pauvres, s'il vous plaît," of the magnificent beadle resounded through the cathedral, and Blanche meekly followed, her stiff purple gown rustling, so that she could hear nothing else. She was thoroughly miserable by the time she reached Rose de Banville's row, and was meditating passing by quickly, without offering the bag, when the lady stopped her with a sweet smile, and held out a new, crisp fifty-franc note; gold pieces might have sunk unnoticed among the ignominious pennies, but this bill, all stiff and new, refused to be ignored; Albert followed with another bank-note. Blanche uttered her usual "Merci," and passed on, but she held her head up now. Many of the parishioners,

who had taken out a copper to give the *quêteuse*, seeing the bank-notes, quietly replaced the copper by a more worthy offering; silver pieces, and even a little gold, fell into the bag. Blanche deeply regretted that it was not a silver salver, such as was used on very great occasions, that she carried, for then no one blessed with a little human respect would have dared to offer anything under a franc. As it was, when she emptied the contents of the bag, she was a proud and happy woman; Madame Brideau had never had such success as that. She was still indignant at the thought of becoming in any way connected with such a person as Madame de Banville, of course, but that indignation took a more Christian character. Where, indeed, should one learn to forgive, if not in church? And so it came to pass that, meeting her brother and his mother-in-law elect as they

were all leaving the cathedral, she did not refuse to acknowledge the latter's bow. Rose was not a woman to allow an advantage to escape her.

“Permit me, madame, to profit by this chance meeting, to ask a favour of you. I find that my strength is not adequate to the carrying out of my plan for the chapel of St. Joseph.” The building of this chapel was a pet plan of the curé's, and he had set the most devoted of his lady parishioners to fill up, among their acquaintances, certain lists of subscriptions. “I have already collected a few thousand francs, and meant to complete the sum required at a fancy fair, but my doctor forbids any excitement or hard work, so I have concluded to ask of one of you ladies to take charge of my subscriptions and add them to your own lists. Should you not feel inclined to accept this extra charge, I

should apply to Madame Brideau, who will not, I fancy, refuse."

Blanche hesitated, muttered something which might have been taken for thanks, and finally asked for a little time before giving an answer.

"Oh, certainly!" carelessly answered Rose, as though the matter were one of supreme indifference to her. "M. le curé spends this evening with me; if it were not disturbing you too much, I should beg that you would come in for a few minutes at least, so as to settle the matter with him; your brother will dine with me, of course, and spend the evening. I only regret that my dear child has already gone back to her convent; I should so have liked to present her to you!" and with the most gracious bow and smile, Madame de Banville passed on, her hand just resting on the vicomte's arm.

Albert, when, that afternoon, he went to see his sister, was received with cold reserve. Before very long, however, the coldness melted somewhat away; and at last, Blanche—letting it be clearly understood, however, that she regarded the visit as a mere business one—consented to cross her enemy's threshold that evening. Her brother had gently insinuated that, if she did not do so, the preference would undoubtedly be given to the odious Madame Brideau.

All this skirmishing amused Albert not a little; the meeting of the two women under the auspices of the benign curé was a little scene which he thoroughly appreciated. But he had not come to Toulouse simply to amuse himself. His conversations with Madame de Banville were long and serious. When they parted, these two understood each other perfectly.

It was not until he was on his way home that Albert found time to reflect on the aspects of his proposed marriage which were not intimately associated with settlements, dowers, and such-like absorbing topics. As he rode quietly along the high road which led from the railway town to Les Tourelles, the image of his bride-elect, as he had seen her in her mother's boudoir, rose before him with disagreeable vividness. He frowned heavily as he pictured himself introducing her to his circle of acquaintances; he almost heard the remarks which were sure to be made by his dearest friends one to another. There are ugly women who make one forget their want of beauty by their charm of manner; but Agathe would never be one of these. She was heavy and common-looking; it was a hopeless case. The whole affair now looked to him so completely like a

bargain—a thing of buying and selling—that he shrank from the contemplation of it. That it should be in reality an affair of buying and selling, mattered but little; that it should look like such an affair, that was indeed serious.

Never had the road seemed so solitary. Albert looked around, hoping to find some object on which to fix his attention, so distressing had his thoughts become to him; but there was not so much as a whistling peasant-boy in sight. The sun had gone down an hour before, and the moonlight lay in white stillness on the road, while the trees on either side looked ghost-like and mysterious, disposing the mind to vague terrors. Suddenly the young man uttered a smothered exclamation of delight. At some little distance rose a tall way-side cross; and at the foot of that cross a girl lay, apparently fast

asleep. Albert had no need of the bright scarlet capulet, the quaint pretty dress, to tell him that it was Mila. He jumped from his horse, fastened him to the branch of a tree, and then stealthily approached the little peasant. How lovely she looked, sleeping softly like a child ! Her head was resting on one bare round arm, her cheeks were flushed, her lips just parted. Then by the side of that beautiful child-face he saw that of his future wife. He bit his lip savagely ; then, bending down, he woke Mila with a kiss. She was not startled, but looked up smiling and happy.

“I have waited long,” she said, in her sweet *patois*. “Each evening after work, I dressed myself, and stole away to come here. It is sad to wait, wait, wait—wait always and see no one coming. But now, all is well.”



Albert did not speak much; he only uttered caressing, broken sentences, to which she listened eagerly. Presently, however, moving a little away, and looking him full in the eyes, she said, "Do you know what they say in the village?"

"What, my pretty one?"

"They say that you went to the city to see some fine lady who is to be your wife. But it is not true—how could it be true?"

"How, indeed?"

"Then tell me why did you go where I could not follow you?"

"To get you something pretty, since you like pretty things."

Mila clapped her hands like a child that she was. Her eyes danced as she watched him take from his pocket a daintily-done-up parcel.

"Let me undo it, please!"

He watched her as, trembling with eagerness, she undid the fastenings—watched each of her pretty movements, wondering to find that this wild mountain girl was really very dear to him. Mila smoothed the soft velvet of a little jewel-case with perfect delight—she so loved pretty, soft things !

“Open it !” he said, smiling.

She obeyed, and brought out a coral necklace—the most beautiful she had ever seen. She was too happy to speak, but held out the pretty bauble till it glistened in the moonlight.

“Let me fasten it about your soft throat.”

“Ah ! but then I should not be able to see it,” she exclaimed jealously. “This I can pull out and look at ;” and she accordingly pulled from the bosom of her dress a seal, the counterpart of that which Paul had given his brother to have mended. It was not a very appropriate ornament for Mila perhaps, but

she had begged it of her lover because the dragon's eyes were made of rubies. "Ah! now I must give this back to you, I suppose. I like to look at it; the big snake"—for so she called the dragon—"winds so well about the seal."

"You may keep it, my darling, till I give you something far prettier to replace it."

Mila heaved a sigh of satisfaction, replaced her seal, and continued to play with the necklace. Presently she said,—

"It is dreadful not to be able to show one's pretty things. Mariette, who lives next door, showed all the girls the ring her lover gave her. She is to be married next month. But I dare not show any of the presents you make me; I have to hide them in corners and under furniture. If, at least, I had a big mirror, such as you have at the château, then it would be some pleasure to put on all my beautiful

things ; but I have none at all. Every day I am in terror lest mère Bardeau should find my treasures and show them to Jean."

"Where is Jean?" asked the vicomte.

"He is away preparing the farm. Oh, how shall I tell him that I cannot marry him?" She began to tremble violently. "Do not let him hurt me—please do not let him hurt me!"

Albert did his best to reassure her, but it was no easy task ; she was growing horribly afraid of Jean—his shadow seemed over her even in moments when she was very happy. To tell the truth, Albert himself would have been far better pleased if there had been no Jean in the case ; but since there was such a person, he must find some means of putting Mila safely out of his reach. At present, however, there was not much fear of detection—he had already schooled the little peasant to secrecy.

Later it would be easy to find some plan, but now he might surely allow himself to yield to the charm of this rustic adventure without troubling himself about the future.

“Don’t let him hurt me !” repeated poor little Mila ; and she nestled close to him, doing her best to control her tears, because he did not like to see her cry.

It was very late when Albert reached the château. He sat by his open window, trying to think calmly of the interview which, on the following morning, he must have with his father—an interview which would require all his skill, all his powers of diplomacy. But, in spite of his best efforts, Mila’s tear-stained face would come before him, and he heard, like the refrain of some plaintive song, “Do not let him hurt me—please do not let him hurt me !”

## CHAPTER III.

### CARD HOUSES.

“WELL, Albert, how fared your wooing?” asked Paul, the next morning.

“Badly, very badly,” answered this interesting young man, with a well-assumed air of despondency. “I wish you would break the news to my father; I scarcely know how to do so!”

“What has happened?” and Paul looked up with suspicion written on his face.

“Not much; a change of partners has been proposed—that is all. Madame de Banville has raised her pretensions. She has

had another offer for her daughter, and now she thinks that the second son of a needy marquis is but a poor match for her. She would accept you as being the eldest son, or—" and Albert hesitated.

"Or what? Go on, pray; I am quite interested. Madame de Banville is a more flighty person even than I thought. All this had been fully discussed between the lady and our father before you presented yourself. It is rather late now to change her mind. Let us have the second part of her proposition, for that is evidently where the real interest lies."

"That second part is too absurd even to be mentioned. She only approached it with me after many preparations, but when at last her meaning became clear, I left the house—it was the only course worthy of me."

"However absurd her conditions may be, I wish to hear them."

“ You insist ? ”

“ I insist ! ”

“ She would still accept me as a son-in-law if you—but no, I really cannot tell you.”

“ Go on ! ”

“ If you yielded to me certain of your rights as eldest son. She has an absurd desire to see her daughter play *châteleine*. She would wish you to give up all pretensions on Les Tourelles—neither more nor less. She kindly informed me that my title was sufficient. You see she is magnanimous ! ” and Albert laughed, but the laugh had a false sound. Paul remained silent for some time, then he said quietly,—

“ Your life in Paris has not been useless to you.”

“ What do you mean ? ” asked the younger brother, flushing angrily.

“ I mean that Madame de Banville would



never have thought of this modification in her plan unaided."

"Paul!"

"Heroics are useless with me, my dear Albert. You know that we cannot fight; so we might as well agree to talk sensibly and quietly. Your great mistake has been to imagine me simple enough to be deceived by your artifices."

"You are mistaken in your suppositions; but it would be beneath me to endeavour to prove it," said Albert haughtily, and then he relapsed into moody silence.

Paul walked up and down for some little time, lost in thought; then he said abruptly, "And what if I were disposed to make a bargain too? The marquis has his heart set on this marriage. His dream of concentrating the property might take effect in your favour as well as in mine. I might in this way buy

that liberty of action which I have always claimed in vain. Since this is a world of buying and selling, I need not feel any scruples, I suppose, in bargaining away my birth-right?" He said this very bitterly, and, without waiting for a reply, he left the room. As Albert looked after him, a gleam of triumph shot from his eyes.

The interview with the marquis was very stormy—more so, indeed, than Albert had anticipated. He had counted too much on the kind of favouritism which his father had always shown towards him; he had not sufficiently understood that family affections with the marquis were quite subservient to family pride. Paul was the eldest born, and, as such, ought and must succeed in the hierarchy of the De Varennes. That Paul himself should seem inclined to give up his rights for the sake of pursuing, entirely unshackled, a sort

of life of which his father disapproved, perhaps even of reviving that odious plan of earning the money he spent, was bitter in the extreme. He would listen to no arguments; he refused to believe that Madame de Banville should thus have broken faith with him, the Marquis de Varenne; he dismissed his son from his presence like an irate potentate that he was, saying that he would manage the affair without any one's aid; that he would go to Toulouse himself, if it were necessary. For the moment, however, he contented himself with writing—perhaps he felt more sure of maintaining his dignity with the pen than in a personal encounter with sharp female wit. By the same post as the old gentleman's heavy missive a delicate note reached the fair Rose. The note was from Albert; it was that which she read first. Her answer to the marquis was quiet and respectful, but very

decided. She, as a mother, had not the right to deal lightly with the worldly interests of her darling child. Such a very advantageous *parti* has been offered that, unless her conditions were accepted, she, in spite of her desire to see her family united to that of the De Varennes, would find herself compelled to decline the proposed honour.

The poor marquis spent a miserable night. He seemed fated to see his most cherished hopes fade away one by one; his most solid edifices were but card houses, after all, which the breath of a capricious woman threatened to overturn. His experiences in feminine nature lately had been enough to overturn all his well-established notions of the docility and gentleness which should, according to him, form the principal traits of woman. A hundred times he was on the point of writing to Madame de Banville that all was now over

between them; a hundred times also he hesitated; "such a *dot*!" After his disappointment in Aimée's case, it seemed all but impossible to give it up.

When at last he summoned his two sons to his sanctum, Paul was shocked to see the changes which all this worry had already made in the old gentleman's appearance. He was pale, yet there were dark red spots on his face, and his hands trembled perceptibly.

"You are not well, father!" he exclaimed.

"Sit down," the marquis said hastily, not deigning to answer his son's remark. "And so, Paul, I understand that you, a De Varenne, would consent to give up your birth-right—it matters little to you that you should be my eldest son, my heir!"

"Excuse me, there is no law of primogeniture in France; therefore, whether one is

born first or last, makes in reality but little difference !”

“I do not recognize the legislation of a sacrilegious revolution; in my family I should have adhered to the law which I esteem just and right. It would be extraordinary, indeed, if in my children I had found opposition to my will in this matter.”

The feeling of defeat was making him more violent and unreasonable than ever; Paul remained silent, watching with uneasiness the flush which deepened every moment in his father's face.

“But,” suggested Albert softly, “Paul did not really say that he would consent to Madame de Banville's unreasonable requirements. There is yet another way open; let him marry the young lady himself.”

“Thanks,” said Paul coldly; “I should

consider my honour as attainted were I to contract such an alliance. Besides, what parent has the right to offer her child first to one man, then to another?"

"Parents, according to you, have no rights at all." The marquis was playing nervously with a ruler. "You have always set my authority at nought."

"Excuse me, my father, ten years ago I gave up a cherished plan in obedience to your wishes."

"A mad idea of becoming a trader, a wish to degrade your name, to mix with your inferiors, to earn money! And," he added sharply, "it is perhaps to return to this fine plan of yours that you would sell your rights to your brother!"

"I should at any rate claim perfect freedom of action for myself. Another thing, too, I should claim, and that is, the right

to buy back Les Tourelles in the future, should such be my fancy."

"And you would expatriate yourself—cease to be French?"

"Never! I am a Frenchman to the heart's core, and should my country ever have need of me, I should know how to prove this, as well as those who, according to you, are worthier of their birth than I."

Then there was a silence which presently the marquis broke by saying in a querulous voice, very different from his usual pompous tones,—

"Ah, Paul! if you had only been amenable we might have had two fortunes wherewith to brighten up the old place instead of one! I cannot imagine why you refused to marry that American girl. You do not seem to dislike her!"

Paul could not help smiling.



"It seems to me," he said, "that it was she who refused to marry me."

Nothing was decided in this interview, but each understood that Madame de Banville's pretensions were, if not accepted, in a fair way of being accepted. The marquis was perhaps relieved that it should be so, but yet he suffered acutely; his word is no longer the universal law; the things which he had decided should come to pass were being brought about by means which were not those chosen by him, and this was hard to bear.

While their elders were discussing these grave interests, Jeanne and Aimée were, on their side, very busy also—at least Aimée was very busy, and Jeanne looked on wondering. Laces, ribbons, and other frivolities were mysteries to her, while in their midst Aimée was in her element. The visit to Monrepos

was coming near, and there were many things to be done besides the mere extorting of gold pieces from the marquis's hoard. As they sat together one afternoon, Jeanne suddenly said,—

“Do you know, Aimée, that I am not at all satisfied with Mila?”

“No?” queried Aimée, opening her eyes; “has she not learned her catechism lesson this week?”

“It is not that; religious instruction is distasteful to her—but that is nothing new. What is new, however, is a certain abstraction which is not natural; she scarcely seems to hear when she is spoken to; her eyes are fixed and dreamy, and, besides, she really shows too little gratitude to you for all you are doing for her. There is something wrong in all this.”

“I do not wish her to thank me,” replied

Aimée; still, though violent demonstrations of gratitude would have proved distasteful to her, Aimée certainly had noticed her little *protégée's* apathy, and had secretly wondered at it. Presently she went on,—“As to her dreaminess, that is all natural enough; she is soon to be married, and people who are on the eve of matrimony are generally in love. Now all the signs you have noticed are undoubted signs of love. What is there astonishing in all this? What is there astonishing even that she should find no interest in the linen and things I am preparing for her? Though, to be sure, if I were going to be married, I think I should feel great interest in my trousseau, no matter how much in love I might be!”

“You are much wiser in such matters than I am,” said Jeanne simply. “I can only give you my impression, which is,

that there is something wrong about the girl."

"Let us go down to the village!" and Aimée impulsively threw her pretty work aside. "I shall be better able to judge how things stand if I see her at work, than if I were simply to watch her when she comes here."

Accordingly they set off. In front of the inn sat two or three men drinking, and waiting on them was the mistress of the house herself. Usually this was Mila's work.

If the young ladies would kindly go round by the garden, they would find the sweet child making some cakes for supper—cakes such as Jean likes. Dear Jean does not wish to see her waiting on rough men, and, rather than vex him, she did the work herself. Yes, Mila was a good girl—so much

improved since the betrothal—so quiet and easily managed. Bardeau and she were getting to love her dearly!

Aimée shrank a little from the voluble dame, whose amiability was far more difficult to endure than her ill-temper. The two girls went through a patch of ground which the Bardeaus dignified by the name of "garden," and, turning the corner of the house, saw Mila, who was kneading her dough on a rough table just outside of the kitchen. Kneading her dough is perhaps saying too much, but at any rate she was standing with her pretty dimpled arms bare almost to the shoulder, and sunk in the soft whitish mixture; but she was not working, and Jean's cakes ran much danger of not being ready for his supper. She did not hear the young ladies approach; she seemed absorbed in some day-dream, and her eyes

.

rested unconsciously on the mountain-ridge in the vague distance. When Aimée called her by her name she started violently, and the colour rushed tumultuously up to the very roots of her hair; she dropped a little curtsey, and then proceeded with her work vigorously.

“You are getting to be a notable housewife, little one,” said Aimée good-naturedly. “When you and Jean are comfortably married, I mean to ask you for a supper of just such cakes.”

“Yes, mam’selle,” answered Mila demurely.

To a few other remarks she likewise answered in monosyllables—and we all know that a conversation carried on in this style is apt to die an untimely death.

“What is Jean doing at the farm to-day?” asked Jeanne, coming to the rescue.

“He is repairing the roof, which leaked in some places.”

“He seems to be able to do every sort of work—a very useful thing in a place like this, where one cannot find any workman to do the smallest job. I know that Ernestine has been doing her best to find some one to do a little mending to our roof, which stands in great need of it. I wonder if Jean would do it for us?”

“That he will, mademoiselle,” said a hearty voice; and Jean himself, heated with his rapid walk from the farm, stood before them. He was greatly improved since his arrival, and looked very proud and happy.

Jeanne thanked him, and then the two girls, feeling that they were no longer wanted, prepared to leave; but Jeanne, whose conscience did not allow her to let a good opportunity pass of reminding Mila that

there were other things in life besides pretty clothes, love-making, and such-like frivolities, said,—

“Mind you know your lesson for to-morrow, Mila; and what have you done with the blessed medal I gave you?”

“She has it about her neck,” said Aimée, and, so saying, she took hold of a little string which she had never noticed before; but Mila started, and, with a little cry, put up her dough-covered hand to her bosom; then immediately she said,—

“Yes, it is the medal, the blessed medal; I wear it night and day.”

“That is right,” answered Jeanne, mollified.

As they left the place the two friends heard Jean ask in a softened tone what she was doing.

“I am making cakes for you, Jean,” answered Mila timidly.



## CHAPTER IV.

### WHAT THE WILLOW-TREE HEARD.

JEANNE had to go and see a sick child in the village, and so the two girls parted at the inn, as Aimée, by an unusual freak, felt a desire to be alone. She went across a field towards the rivulet. She was thinking about Mila and Jean—wondering at the change this “being in love” had worked on them both. Mila was no longer a child; the mad mountain-witch had given place to a demure maiden, with dreamy eyes and softly-toned voice. With her lover the change was even more marked. It was all very strange.

There was a sort of languor in the soft summer air, which inclined one to gentle thoughts. Little white clouds rested lovingly on the mountain-tops; the sound of the brook mingled pleasantly with the hum of the insect world. Aimée felt glad to be alone. She chose for her resting-place a nook she had noticed more than once in her rambles. This nook was formed by an irregularity in the stream; the water ran in and formed a quiet, limpid pool, at the foot of an old willow, whose drooping branches made an arch, under which it was very pleasant to rest. On her way to this place Aimée mechanically picked a dandelion in the last stage of fluffiness. As a child she never resisted the temptation of blowing at the feathery top, to see in how many years she would be married. She smiled when she found that the old habit was still strong

upon her. Having picked it, however, the most natural thing was certainly to make use of it; so, stopping quite still and preparing to blow hard, she approached the dandelion to her mouth. Puff! In an instant every single feathery seed was sailing on the breeze! Her own breath would scarcely have sufficed for this exploit. She looked up quickly, and by her side stood Paul. The mystery was solved. The young girl blushed, and then, seeing the amused look of the count, she laughed merrily.

“Within the present year—so says the prophecy!”

“But then,” retorted Aimée, “the prophecy has varied each time I evoked it. How am I to believe in this last one, especially as its oracle was made to speak by unfair means? How came you just in time?”

"I was fishing yonder, and, seeing you, I naturally left the fish in peace. You were so absorbed in your thoughts that you did not hear my footsteps. Were you ruminating on the mysteries of life?"

"Yes," answered Aimée quite soberly, as she sat down at the foot of the tree and allowed the young man to place himself by her side.

"Indeed! Pray let me have the benefit of your meditations, for I own that there are many things in life which puzzle me."

But Aimée did not volunteer to help him out of his difficulties. She sat quite still, her hands folded in her lap.

"Within the year," presently repeated Paul; and then added abruptly, "I wonder what he will be like?"

"Nonsense," said Aimée, blushing once

more; "it is unfair to take advantage of a silly, childish play."

"I did not mean to be ungenerous; still, my wondering is not laid to rest. I suppose he must be an American—must he not?"

"I suppose so,"—and Aimée, in spite of herself, smiled at his eagerness.

"Yes, an American with plenty of money; you republican women need more luxury than our duchesses. Your countrywomen have plenty of faults; do you know that, Miss Aimée?"

"I have heard so since I have been in France, but I scarcely believe it."

"You are all frivolous—fond of pleasure. You treat love as a childish pastime, and fritter your sacred womanhood away in tasteless flirtations. Have you ever flirted?"

"Perhaps." There was a very demon of mischief lurking in her eyes.

“Yes, of course you have; and your only wish is to return to your American life, to be caught up in the whirl of unceasing excitement which you call Society. How long will it take you to forget us when you have once succeeded in putting the ocean between us? Two weeks?”

“Three, perhaps.”

“That is generous of you. You will find all your friends most eager to welcome you back. Among the host of admirers which every American girl who respects herself must necessarily have about her, is there one in particular whom you wish to see?” He asked this almost savagely; he was getting excited, while she remained still and calm.

“Do you think you have any right to ask me such a question?”

“I suppose not—only I wished to think of you as a little better than a fashionable

coquette. There was a time when I liked to look at your fresh face; it was so young, so pure. You were not in society then!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Aimée, thoroughly startled.

"You used to come to that sick ward, among the mangled wretches from the battle-field, like an angel of light and comfort. When you soothed the dying hours of that poor young fellow, whose mother arrived two hours after his death, I could have sworn that your heart was entirely womanly—too genuinely tender and pure ever to be debased by vulgar flirtations. But many of my illusions have died; this but makes one more. How old were you then—sixteen?"

"I do not understand!" stammered Aimée, still bewildered.

"Did you not know that I had taken part in your war? I served with your brother,

was wounded in the same skirmish, and sent to the same hospital ward; only Mr. Mailand was taken to another ward, after I had seen you three times. I had fever at the time, and I remembered you rather as a beautiful dream than as a reality; and when I saw you here, I did not immediately recognize you. Your French name also helped to puzzle me."

"But Roger never spoke to me of you!"

"He never told you that one of his comrades was called Georges Lebrun?"

"Then you are that Mr. Lebrun of whom Roger lost sight after the war? Oh, I am so glad!" and Aimée held out her hand as though she had just met an old friend. Paul took the hand and refused to let it go.

"Now, tell me—tell me honestly and simply—is there any lover waiting for you on the other side of the water?"

She did not again ask him by what right



he questioned her; but, raising her truthful eyes to his, she answered,—

“No; there is no one in America whom I love.”

There was a short silence. Paul still held the little hand, which trembled slightly in his strong grasp.

“*Aimée*,”—he forgot the “Miss” this time—“do you think that two human beings have the right to sacrifice their life’s happiness to their pride? Answer me! Had I met you under other circumstances, could you have chosen me freely as I should then have chosen you? could you have loved me? would you have accepted me as your husband?”

*Aimée* could not answer. She bent her head low, trembling violently. What did the summer air, the voice of the rivulet, say to her now?

“Speak to me, *ma bien aimée!*” he whispered, using an expression which many times of late had come to his mind. “Is it because of your father’s despotic conduct that you turn from me? Are we to be made miserable to prove our great independence?”

She still did not speak, but, turning towards him, she raised her tear-filled eyes to his. He read his answer there.

How the time flew by! How caressing the soft wind seemed to these two! What new beauty there was in all nature! How lovely a place was the earth, and how good the God who made it!

“Do you know, dearest,” at last said Paul, “that you are going to marry but a poor man?”

“And,” interrupted Aimée, “as American girls are frivolous, fond of pleasure, and require more luxury than your duchesses,

you think, perhaps, that I had better take back my promise?"

"I will not let you take back your promise! You are mine now, and none shall take you from me! But I want you to know beforehand what awaits you."

"Retract all you said about us—own that you were unjust!"

"I own it. The new world has all the virtues, while we have all the vices possible. Your countrywomen are so thoroughly simple and republican that they have a horror of all vanities. Titles are an abomination in their sight. That is why, during my stay in the United States, I was forced to drop mine and to assume a plebeian name. But, if we continue in this style, the serious talk I meant to have with you threatens to come to nought. Yes, Aimée, I am a poor man; but I mean to work for you, my darling, if your brother-

in-law will take me in hand.. I do not yet despair of becoming what you Americans call 'a first-rate business man!'"

"Are you in earnest? Would you really live in America, and become one of us?"

"Yes, for some years at least. When we have grown old and rich, then, my beloved, with your permission, we will come back to this old place, which is dear to me, in spite of my faithlessness to its traditions!"

"It will be pleasant to revisit all the places together, years hence," she said softly.

"To-morrow I will speak to my father."

"No, no!" exclaimed Aimée impetuously. "Let there be no formal engagement just yet. We are lovers, are we not? Let that suffice."

"You do not wish to be bound?" he asked more coldly.

"Do you not see how mortifying it would

be for me, a few days after my passionate declaration of independence, to go and say humbly, 'Monsieur le Marquis, I have changed my mind; I will marry your son as soon as you desire it'?"

"If you loved me, all these petty considerations would not weigh with you a feather's weight." Then, after a pause, he said, with a great yearning, "Aimée, do you love me—do you really love me?"

"I think I do, only—only leave me my liberty a little longer." There was a tremor in her voice—the revulsion of feeling had come—that revulsion which so often follows a first impulse of love. She felt imprisoned, captured, and fluttered like a bird in the fowler's hand. She knew that she could never more be a joyous, free-hearted maiden; and the conviction of this was a shock to her. "Let me remain free yet a little while!"

"I wish I felt more sure of you, my wild-hearted darling. If you could see deep down in my heart—if you could understand how willingly, how joyfully I give up my liberty to you, you would, perhaps, be more generous with me. But never fear," he added, as she shrank a little from him, "you shall have all the time you ask for; only I wish you to know that my love for you is very deep—has grown and strengthened, in spite of my first efforts to master it. You are very dear to me, *ma bien aimée*!"

When it was time to return to the château, Aimée ordered her lover to remain where he was until she was out of sight, so that they might not be seen returning together. Paul watched her graceful figure with varying emotions. He was not sure of her. Was there not a great deal of feminine coquetry in all this? Was she not trifling with him,

after the fashion of her countrywomen? He sighed, but then his face cleared. Aimée had gone nearly to the road, when she stopped, hesitated, then turned back; her eyes were bent on the ground, and a deep flush spread over her fair face. When she was by his side, she put her hand in his—quietly, simply—and then in silence they walked on side by side.

## CHAPTER V.

### NEW FACES.

THE marquis, when he accepted Madame Fréval's invitation for his family, by no means accepted it for himself; he felt out of place when he was away from Les Tourelles ; his sense of importance needed his well-known surroundings, as a picture needs its accustomed frame. Away from home he always had an uneasy feeling that the respect due to him might be withheld by strangers who had but a vague idea of his omnipotence as Marquis de Varenne. So, when the eventful day of departure arrived, it was a matter of no little



astonishment to all but Albert, when he joined the rest of the travellers, booted and spurred. He mounted his steady old horse without waiting to satisfy the curiosity he saw expressed on the different faces. The astonishment, however, was greatly lessened when, at the meeting of two roads, he and his younger son left the rest of the party, and with a nod of farewell took the direction opposite to that which led to Monrepos. They were going to Toulouse—that was now clear. This was a great resolution on the part of the old gentleman; in itself the journey to Toulouse was no small affair; and, furthermore, his proposed interview with Madame de Banville was a thing he secretly dreaded. But after many hesitations, much self-communing, he had convinced himself that his dignity required this sacrifice. Albert had tried to persuade him to go alone,

for he by no means wished just at this moment to return to his courting duties ; but his father would not hear of this, and the young man was forced to submit.

Among those who continued on the road to Monrepos, one, at least, was decidedly cross : that one was Paul. He did not at all like to leave the château, where frequent meetings were possible, where the perfect quiet and repose seemed made on purpose for lovers. At Monrepos, on the contrary, there would be the bustle of making new acquaintances, the necessity of being amiable, and doubtless the impossibility of getting a quiet *tête-à-tête* with Aimée more than once in two or three days perhaps. And how precious those long talks were getting to be ! how well they were beginning to understand one another ! But now—Paul was anything but a perfect character, and so

his dissatisfaction showed itself in decided crossness. He was annoyed that Aimée herself did not seem more displeased at the prospect of Madame Fréval's gaieties. She did not enter at all into his absurd plans for escaping from the visit altogether. What he proposed was impossible—she proved this to him—but her sensible and plausible remarks did not at all satisfy him. The truth was, she was fond of a crowd, fond of frivolity; the thought of being once more surrounded by young men was rather pleasant to her than otherwise. He did not say all this in so many words, but he hinted it. Altogether he showed himself most unreasonable, and all young girls will agree, that Aimée behaved wonderfully well in answering him quietly and sweetly, instead of indulging in a small quarrel on the occasion.

It required all Madame Fréval's sweetness

and graceful hospitality to dispel the gloom and uneasiness of her new guests. Aimée helped her bravely, and so did little Henri, whose delight at everything new made him a powerful aid on this occasion. Jeanne, on the contrary, was much frightened, and Ernestine found herself singularly out of place; she secretly longed for her house-keeper's den at the château. What, indeed, was she to do among all these fine idle people?

These "fine idle people" were not in reality as formidable in aspect or in number as they seemed to the two sisters. More guests were expected in a few days, for the hospitable mistress of the place wished for once to see her spacious house thoroughly filled, and thus dispel all possible idea of gloom, which might still linger about this home of her saddened childhood. Like most people who

have suffered deeply, Madame Fréval was the declared enemy of all exaggerated sadness—of everything which approached to morbidity; those who brood over and cherish small woes, are the fretful discontented ones of this world, not the real sufferers. Madame Fréval liked the young and joyous, and was nearly always liked by them; she seemed made to be the recipient of love-secrets, the aider and abettor of love-matches. Wherever she went she had many friends about her, and as she travelled considerably, her list of acquaintances was formidably long.

At present the guests at Monrepos consisted simply of an English family, a French baron, a relative of the hostess, and a young musician called Franz Weiler. The English family consisted of a Mrs. Saunders, two daughters, and a son. The Misses Saunders

were imposing young women of statuesque proportions, well cut, somewhat motionless features, and severely smooth hair. They were well-informed, ladylike, looked upon England as the greatest nation of either ancient or modern times, and on themselves as very fair specimens of that nation, as indeed they were—very good girls indeed, and very proper—one the counterpart of the other, the younger being, however, as in duty bound, a trifle less stately than her sister. The mother had commenced life just as her daughters were doing, but as time advanced, and *embonpoint* increased, she gradually sank somewhat more into comfortable indolence. Her son was also tall, an adept at all athletic exercises, not disdaining small pastimes, such as croquet, with a little hesitation in his speech, a partiality for a bit of square glass stuck in the left eye; but, in

spite of these and various other little peculiarities, a very fine fellow indeed.

The other two gentlemen were a striking contrast to Edward Saunders. Madame Fréval's cousin was a well-preserved gentleman in the neighbourhood of fifty, of whom more anon. The musician was his hostess's particular care. "Be kind to my musician," she had whispered to Aimée as she brought him up for presentation; and as she looked at him Aimée felt that it would be a hard-hearted person who would refuse to be kind to him.

Franz Weiler was a young man of some eight and twenty, born in Alsace, and speaking French with a decidedly provincial accent. No one could see him with his artist-look, his sweet, half childlike, trusting smile, without feeling a certain pity for him, so evidently unsuited was he to battle with a

rough world. This pity was increased a hundredfold when one noticed the flush on his cheeks, the unnatural brightness of his eyes, the irregularity of his breathing. The fatal illness had touched him with a pitying hand, leaving him strength enough to enjoy the last period of his short life; but, gentle as it was, it was no less inexorable. His doom was passed. A life of hardships and privations, when he was a student in Paris, had quite undermined a constitution never strong; and when at last his efforts were crowned with success, and he was sent to Rome as *grand prix* of musical composition, the judges who awarded the prize, and the companions who applauded him as he went up to receive it, looked at each other, believing that he would never return to Paris. It was in Rome that Madame Fréval had met him. She appreciated his quiet, gentle talent; but



it was especially his affectionate nature which attracted her, and made her look upon him almost as a son.

To Paul's infinite disgust, it was this young man who took Aimée in to dinner, whereas the honour of conveying the elder Miss Saunders was assigned to himself; and Aimée could find something to say to her neighbour, whereas he—well, it must be owned that the young lady by his side voted him an undoubted bore.

Aimée did not find her neighbour a bore; on the contrary, he interested her. She made him talk of his music, of his early life, of his struggles and privations even. The two understood each other quite well. It had happened that in his life Franz Weiler had met but few real ladies, especially young ladies. Madame Fréval he looked upon as some superior being, whom he could love in

a filial way, accepting everything, even gentle scolding, from her; but then she was not young. Aimée, on the contrary, was young, pretty—at least he thought her so—and to be spoken to by such a one, to have her listen with sympathy, with interest, to all he said, that was indeed delightful.

“What a happiness it must have been to you to live in Rome! How everything must have inspired you! Why, I should think you could scarcely have resigned yourself to speak except in recitative!”

“I never went quite so far as that,” he answered, laughing; “and, indeed, if you will promise not to despise me, I will confess to you that, in the very midst of the splendours of Italy, I sighed for my corner of Paris—that I was homesick for the Boulevards. Perhaps the explanation of this lies in the fact that beauty in those grand regions

is too full, too powerful for me; it crushes and frightens me. You see, mademoiselle, there are favoured natures, who, if I may express myself so, open the window wide to receive all the sunshine possible. With me it must filter through the key-hole; I have no large window to open. You will understand me better when I confess to you that I have no taste for orchestral composition. I knew just enough to earn for me my prize; but, that once obtained, I went back to my modest one-page songs without words; that, you know, is the generic name which we composers have given to little fugitive pieces, for which we do not give ourselves the trouble to find other titles."

"You must promise to play for me a great deal during our stay here."

The young composer promised, his eyes brightening with pleasure. Then, when

gently she drew him on to speak of his past privations, he allowed himself to talk with an unreserve singularly soothing and comforting to him—for in reality we all like to talk of ourselves. There is an intense pleasure in being one's own hero; and when we have the conviction of having suffered unjustly, and that we feel that our sufferings will excite sympathy and pity in the heart of the listener, then the pleasure is really exquisite.

“But those hardships of which you speak, were they the result of circumstances, or did personal unkindness add to them cruelly?”

“Often that was the hardest thing to bear. Shall I give you an instance of this? I had a friend who, like me, was trying for the great prize; like me, he was very poor, and you must guess that the few songs which were published by our enterprising music-

seller brought us the pleasure of seeing our names in print, but nothing besides. We used to give a few lessons, but these were not always easy to obtain, and so in winter we would play at dancing-parties. There was a retired merchant, who had made a fortune, and who occasionally employed us—my friend to play the violin, and I the piano. Our merchant had two daughters, who were very fond of dancing, and kept these parties up till very late. Once, when I was feeling quite ill, a young man of the company towards midnight offered to take my place, and sent us both to get some refreshments; then we returned to our posts, and continued till three in the morning.”

“What a life!” exclaimed Aimée, to whom the hard things of this world were so many mysteries. She was getting greatly interested in this young man, who spoke of

miseries and poverty with such naive frankness and such childlike trustfulness in her.

"When the next morning we went to receive our pay, the mistress of the house refused to give us more than half our due, under the pretext that we had allowed one of her guests to do our work."

"And it was a woman who was guilty of such an ignominious act?"

"Alas! yes, mademoiselle;" and the young man smiled at her hot indignation. As for him, these remembrances did not make him angry any more; they seemed so far away, now that the border-land of another world was almost in view.

"Aimée!" exclaimed Paul after dinner, "I will do something dreadful unless you allow me to tell those people how matters stand between us. I will not have my place usurped by sentimental musicians!"

"Wait just a little while," whispered Aimée; and then, feeling that her lover was ill at ease, she quietly and with womanlike tact told him about Franz Weiler. His instinctive sympathy with talent, and especially talent joined with suffering, was instantly aroused, and he went up of his own accord to where the musician sat, made him play, and praised his graceful, quaint melodies. So the evening, which promised to be stormy, passed by pleasantly enough.

Meanwhile, the marquis and his younger son arrived at Toulouse, and instantly drove to Madame de Banville's. Before the interview was over the old gentleman, fascinated and flattered by the little lady's bewitching manners, had been talked round to her views. When he left her to return that same evening to Les Tourelles, he was not quite sure as to which was his elder son. He wished

the marriage to take place at once, and all Albert could obtain was that the banns, which had to be published at Toulouse and at Paris, as his dwelling-place, should not also be published at the village; and, furthermore, that his approaching marriage should not be spoken of to the people about. Having obtained this, Albert set himself to think over a puzzling question—What was he to do with Mila?



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE SEAL.

ALBERT, during these his courting days, could not be much at Monrepos. The young Agathe was definitively taken from her convent, and the making of wedding fineries went on apace. Madame de Banville, however, was not too exacting; she allowed her future son-in-law to absent himself frequently, and accepted the reasons he chose to give her for those absences with perfect good nature. Perhaps, indeed, she did not care to leave him too often in the society of her dear daughter; she saw that it did not much

advance matters. So Albert was frequently at Les Tourelles, which was natural, as his father was lonely in the old house, now so solitary; and, besides, there were, doubtless, many things to be settled between them. The young man took quite the stand of eldest son now, and it must be confessed that he acted the part better than Paul. But, besides these dutiful visits to the château, Albert, being a very active young man, succeeded in finding time also for various visits of greater or lesser duration at Monrepos. Here he made himself very useful, organizing pleasure-parties, and taking the lead with perfect composure. He was hoping to forget that in his Paris life, his part had been a passive and secondary one; he now wished to prove to himself and to others that he was quite capable of taking an important place in society. In a curious way he made every one feel that he, and not his

elder brother, was to be master of Les Tourelles some day.

One sultry afternoon he arrived at Monrepos unexpectedly, and, meeting his small nephew, that young gentleman informed him that Aimée, with his own invaluable aid, was working hard among the ruins.

These ruins—all that remained of the old château—were situated at the end of a magnificent avenue of old trees, and thither Albert directed his steps, Henri having run forward to announce him. He found Aimée in what had once been the inner court—a place now somewhat cumbered with stones and fragments of ruins. Various shrubs had grown around the enclosed space, and in the centre was a large grass-plot, tolerably even. Here Aimée stood, busily calculating, her brows bent, and holding in her hand something which Albert after a moment discovered to be

a croquet hoop. There were various new-looking mallets and balls, with their different coloured stripes lying about.

"Oh, shades of our ancestors!" muttered Albert, affecting pious horror; "a croquet-ground among these sacred ruins!"

"Yes, but do you really think that I can make it do?" eagerly asked Aimée, who was very intent on success. "There is no really good spot in the whole place for croquet, and what is a country party to do without that blessed game? We had to send to Paris for a box, and it only arrived this morning. Henri and I were so impatient to set to work that we left the others with their luncheon only half eaten."

"I will go and help them finish disposing of it, if you will allow, as my ride has given me a good appetite; afterwards I shall be delighted to help you. I think this place

might be made to do quite well. There is shade over yonder, where the wall still stands, and here, in this large space, one has grand opportunities for losing one's adversary's ball." Then Albert turned to go, when suddenly, as though the thought struck him, he came back quickly and said, "I beg your pardon, mademoiselle, but do you still feel some interest in that little peasant girl?"

"In Mila? Certainly!" exclaimed Aimée, quite indignant that her real interest in this girl should be looked upon as a mere caprice. "Jeanne and I are making a trousseau for her, and I certainly hope to stay long enough to see her married."

"Then I feel no scruples in speaking to you. Warn her that my brother's attentions, flattering as they are to a girl of her class, are scarcely a safe amusement!"

“What do you mean?” exclaimed Aimée, with sharp pain in her voice.

“Oh, nothing very grave, I assure you; but we both remarked at the St. Henri, if you remember, that he took pleasure in talking to her. It is not to be wondered at, for she is certainly pretty; still I do not think that there is anything at all serious in the affair. You see, I speak quite plainly to you, for I know that your interest in my brother is of the most indifferent kind. Had it been otherwise, of course, Paul, however lax his principles may be, would never have ventured even on an innocent flirtation. It is for Mila’s sake that I speak; warn her, if you do not wish her to be entangled in a miserable love affair!” Then, without waiting for an answer, Albert quickly disappeared.

Aimée was indignant and very angry with herself for not having at once put a stop to

the slander. Her lover—her loyal, manly lover—false to her! The thought was simply absurd. Still, her eagerness for the croquet-ground left her; she sat down in the shade of the ruined wall, and rested her head on her hand; Henri, in the distance, was amusing himself by lifting the stone, so as to see the insects scamper from underneath. There was an old gardener, who told him many interesting things about insects, and he was developing a perfect passion for natural history.

“At last!” Aimée looked up quickly, and Paul, as he bent over her, started to see the quick flush. He sat down by her side and took her hand. “I hate all those people; I hate all ceremony—everything which separates us. Those English people seem to think that you belong to them because you speak their tongue; the musician seems to think that you ought always to give

him a place next to you because you are fond of music; and I—”

“You are a very unreasonable person, since you know that it is not to any of those that I belong, but—” Aimée did not finish her sentence, but looked down blushing. She was very glad to have her lover by her side—all the more so that, at the sound of his voice, all Albert’s ugly insinuations seemed too absurd even to be remembered.

“My dear one,” he said very earnestly, as he took her hand, “let me announce our engagement, at least to Madame Fréval. Why should you object to that?”

Aimée did not answer, but with her free hand she played absently with his watch-chain. Should she say yes? Why not, indeed? Her pride might receive a few shocks, but what of that? As though to



gain time, still playing with the chain, she asked,—

“What have you done with your seal?”

“It has gone to Toulouse to be mended. But answer me, Aimée; look at me with your truthful eyes and answer me!”

But at that moment voices were heard approaching, and Aimée started up. She was demurely measuring her distances, when the whole party, headed by Albert, came in sight. This wily young man smiled as he saw that they had interrupted a *tête-à-tête*; for Henri, busy with his spiders, did not count. Now that he already felt himself to be the heir, the important person of the family, Albert would much rather his brother did not marry. Besides, he still felt sore that Paul should have unmasked his game; he wished to prevent what, some weeks ago, he had almost wished for. Perhaps a

careless inquiry of Paul's as to Mdlle. de Banville's style of ugliness went for something in his spiteful determination; he did not wish his brother to have a pretty wife while his was known to be plain.

"This will do splendidly!" exclaimed Edward Saunders, who was an authority on all such matters; "but you must set the hoops a little farther apart, if you will permit me to advise."

Then began an animated discussion on the new croquet-ground, in which all joined, Paul excepted. That young man listened to all this animated small-talk with sardonic impassibility, and finally sauntered away. Oh, if he had but Aimée safely married to him—if he could take her far from holiday idlers, croquet-grounds, evening dances, and other frivolities!

"Oh, what a bewitching little peasant!"

suddenly exclaimed the elder Miss Saunders, who had taken a picturesque attitude, leaning on a ruined wall, just as though she were standing for her photograph.

Every one looked in the direction the young lady indicated, and Aimée recognized Mila. Instantly she remembered Albert's words; then she looked around for her lover: he had gone. Mila was carrying a basket of vegetables. Evidently her mistress had sent her to Monrepos, hoping to obtain double price for her produce in a house where there were so many mouths to feed; but Mila had not taken the road to the house. She seemed to be looking for some one, and when Aimée called her she started violently. She had not seen or heard the party within the ruins.

Reluctantly or not, Mila was forced to approach—forced to answer the questions of all the ladies and gentlemen—to allow herself

to be looked at—turned round as though she were some animated doll dressed up to please grown children. The young girl looked tired and pale; but then it is a long walk from the village to Monrepos, and the basket was heavily laden. Once Mila ventured to cast an imploring glance at Albert, but he was standing at a little distance, not noticing her, and seemingly greatly bored by the whole scene. The girl dropped her eyelids, and a tear stole from among the heavy lashes.

“She is not well!” exclaimed Aimée compassionately, “and she is bewildered by hearing so many tongues going at once. Come with me, Mila; I have many things to speak to you about. I am preparing a marriage outfit for her,” she continued by way of explanation. “If you like, you may all dance at her wedding; it is to be very soon—perhaps in two or three weeks. Her lover

has already had the barns published, though their house is not yet in a habitable state."

Then she took her *protégée* by the hand and led her into another part of the ruins, where everything was quite still and solitary.

"What is the matter, Mila?" asked Aimée kindly; "you look neither well nor happy."

"I am well," answered the little peasant.

"And happy too?" questioned Aimée.

"Yes—" but the voice faltered a little. Aimée made her sit down by her, and caressingly put her arm about the childish form. She was really fond of Mila, and there was something pathetic in her pale, dispirited aspect.

"You know, dear, if in any way you have repented of your promise to marry Jean, say so openly and fearlessly; do not let cowardice lead you to marry a man you do not

really love. Think of passing a lifetime with some one whom you dislike !”

“I do not dislike Jean,” said Mila; and this was true.

“But do you love him?” persisted Aimée.

“O yes!—only—” and Mila clutched helplessly at the first idea that came to her. “I am very young, and sometimes I grow frightened at the thought of being married so soon.”

This was natural enough, yet Aimée was not satisfied. She sat silently thinking, her hand still about Mila’s neck. By a somewhat abrupt movement she took her hand away, a string caught in one of her rings, and she suddenly brought from the bosom of the peasant’s dress a seal surmounted by a red-eyed dragon. Mila uttered a little frightened scream, and put her hand up to cover her treasure; then the two girls looked one another in the eyes.

“Did the Count Paul give you that?”

Mila did not answer at once, she seemed paralyzed with fright; then, as all Albert's recommendations to secrecy came back to her, fear of his anger predominated over fear of Aimée's; so, still looking her benefactress in the eyes, she answered,—

“Yes, he did!”

## CHAPTER VII.

### A, FIRST SORROW.

WHEN Mila had spoken those words, she grew afraid; she shrank from Aimée almost as though she had expected a blow; then, curiously, she watched her.

Aimée had not moved, only she had grown quite pale. After a few seconds she got up, and, gathering her skirts about her as though she feared a contaminating contact, she turned to go. Mila uttered a little cry; she wished she had not spoken those fatal words, now that she understood that her benefactress really loved Paul. She wished at least that



Aimée would speak to her ; the remorse which, wild and ill-taught as she was, seized upon her would be less hard to bear. Aimée, at the sound, stopped and looked back ; she did not seem angry, Mila thought, only so very white and strange.

“ You poor child ! ” murmured Aimée, who at that moment really felt more pity for the misguided girl than for herself ; then, without stopping to reason as to what Mila’s impulsive movement towards her might mean, she once more turned away.

The way to the house seemed singularly long and hot ; the voices of the merry party in the new croquet-ground reached Aimée as she walked on, and made her shudder. She longed to be alone, to sit down where she could think, for as yet she did not fully realize her position, she only felt vaguely miserable and helpless. If she could but get

to her room unnoticed ! but then Jeanne would probably be there, as she had not been one of the party, now among the ruins ; and, dearly as she loved Jeanne, she could not speak to her of what had happened—at least not yet. The house seemed very quiet and deserted, and as she passed by the drawing-room, with its long windows all open on the shady verandah, she felt tempted to enter and rest—she was so tired, so very tired. The room was quite deserted, cool, and half dark. She took a seat in a corner, where, even if some of the guests passed along the verandah, she might remain unseen. Some music was open on the piano-desk ; she had been trying it with Franz Weiler that very morning—how strange that it should seem so long ago !—and he had then played her a little melody which he had composed for her. The quaint plaintive rhythm came

back to her as she sat there, mixing with her thoughts.

How long she sat there she never knew; it might have been hours; it might have been only minutes; she was not really thinking; she never said to herself in so many words, "Your lover, whom you so trusted, has played you false;" but she suffered in a numb sort of way, and felt a curious sort of pity for herself, for that past joyous incarnation of herself, who seemed dead now, leaving in her stead a woman like other women who had loved and had been deceived. It had never seemed possible to her that she should ever lose that sunshiny delight in life which seemed to be a part of her very existence; but now that had come to pass.

Presently she heard voices approaching; once more she thought of her room, and once more the fear of finding Jeanne there

kept her back. "They will pass on to the billiard-room," she thought, for the Misses Saunders were taking lessons in that game, instructed chiefly by Madame Fréval's cousin, Baron de Pierrefonds. But they did not go on to the billiard-room; they stopped on the verandah, which was shady and pleasant at that hour. Julia Saunders, the younger of the sisters, took a seat just within the drawing-room window, not having noticed Aimée.

"It is a curious thing," said the elder sister, apparently continuing a conversation, "beautifully chiselled, quite in the Benvenuto Cellini style." Miss Saunders had been in Italy, and made the most of all her advantages. "And your brother has one just like it! I never saw yours before."

"No, I have just received it back from the goldsmith, where it went for some small repairing," said Paul. He was evidently

bored by Miss Saunders and her questions, and just polite enough not to show it more than by an inflection of his voice.

"You said there was a history attached to this seal: may we not hear it?"

"Oh, certainly, if it can in any way interest you. This seal was once the top ornament of a small dagger which the Duc de Guise always carried about with him, more I fancy because it was a beautiful little object than as a means of defence. Our ancestors were adherents of the Guises, faithful to them through good and evil fortunes."

"No great recommendation," muttered Edward Saunders, who was in a combative mood, and had decided opinions on historical subjects.

"I quite agree with you," answered Paul laughing; "but one is not responsible for one's ancestors' politics."

"But how did the dagger come into the possession of your family?" persisted Miss Saunders.

"I will tell you. At the siege of Orleans in 1563, everything seemed going on favourably for François de Guise, when his successes and his life were put an end to by De Méré. You will remember that it was during his night rounds that the duke was assassinated, and that at the time he had but two gentlemen with him. One of these ran to the camp for help, the other remained to support his master; this latter was the De Varenne of the day. He noticed that the duke's dagger was injured, and stained with blood; he took it as a relic. Albert pretends that the blood-stains are still visible here between the dragon's claws; but I confess that my eyes are not good enough to distinguish the sacred rust. Of course this

dagger was kept as a heir-loom. In the course of time the top ornament was made into a seal; and, there being two sons in the family, the cleverest goldsmith to be found was employed to make a *fac simile*. Since then these seals have always been worn by the sons of the house."

The voices grew indistinct in Aimée's ears; she was very sick and faint. Oh, if she could but be safely out of the hearing of her lover's voice! If she could but forget for a little while that he was coolly lying, that he was hiding his infamy to her, under specious words, while he knew that he, but a few minutes before, had taken the seal away from Mila, to whom he had given it as a love-token! If she could but forget that he was an unprincipled man, dishonourable, unworthy; if she could but forget that to this man she had entrusted her life's happiness, and that he

had basely abused that trust! She tried several times to rise from her chair, but each time she failed. Life seemed to be ebbing away from her.

"Let me look at it!" said the younger Miss Saunders, rising from her seat. As she moved aside, the light she had till then intercepted fell on Aimée's poor white face and closed eyes.

"Ciel!" exclaimed Franz Weiler, rushing forward.

In an instant all was bustle and confusion. Aimée was dimly conscious of it all—dimly conscious also that Paul, putting the others aside, took her up in his arms. She tried to push him aside; but in the effort she fainted quite away.

Such an event as a fainting fit was one which was scarcely calculated to pass uncommented upon among a number of unemployed



people. When two or three days passed, and Aimée still kept her room, the suppositions grew and took a tangible shape; not even new arrivals sufficed to turn the attention of the gossips from the unfortunate young girl.

“What is this absurd story I hear?” asked Madame Fréval one morning, of her faithful friend and ally, Franz Weiler. “They suppose some romantic cause to my poor Aimée’s indisposition?”

“Yes,” answered the musician dolefully. He felt lost without Aimée, and wandered disconsolately about the house and grounds, asking news of the invalid every half-hour. “Yes; they say that she is to marry the elder M. de Varenne, and is secretly in love with his brother!”

Madame Fréval’s lip curled a little scornfully; she knew something about the stories invented and believed in society. After a

little pause she said, "You would like to do something for this poor girl, would you not?"

"I? Oh, so willingly! Tell me what I am to do! I hope it is something difficult!"

His kind friend looked at him a little anxiously. "My poor boy!" she murmured; and then she added aloud, "No, it is not difficult; but it will be doing her a great service. No young girl thinks without shrinking that her intimate and most secret feelings are discussed by mere acquaintances. We must give these people something else to talk about. Let them know that she has received a letter which has greatly moved her. Her father is about to give her a Russian step-mother, and the announcement is made in a way calculated to wound a sensitive daughter; for there is but little thought for her in M. de Marsac's letter. You may as well add

that the slight fever and head-ache which have retained Aimée in her own room are not serious so far; but that the doctor wished to feel sure that it was not the beginning of any contagious illness before allowing her to mix with the rest of the household. That will quiet their curiosity, I feel sure."

"Then she will soon be among us once more?" he asked eagerly.

"I trust so, Franz," she added very kindly: "I will tell you what I do not choose to tell the others. Aimée has not told me her secret, but I guess that her heart is not free."

Franz understood the warning and went, all-forgetful of his mission, to confide to his music that the world was full of hard and unexplained things. Aimée from her sick-room heard the sad, questioning music, and unconsciously the tears welled up to her eyes,

shutting out the printed words of the book she was trying to read.

At any other time her father's letter would have been a source of bitter grief, not unmixed with indignation; but now she read over the words with a sort of apathy. It did not matter much—nothing did matter much in this world. Every one had to suffer for awhile, and then all would be over. She did not know exactly what was to become of her; but then, whether she remained in Europe or went back to her sister, she did not really care.

M. de Marsac's letter was much shorter than his letters had been since his sojourn in Russia; he evidently had not much time to devote to his daughter. He was going to marry a lady whose beauty and fashion did honour to his taste. In his rather long and embarrassed sentences one felt that he

wished, as it were, to excuse this apparent contradiction and weakness on his part. He gave his reasons at some length, and dwelt on the many qualities of his proposed wife. Then, quite at the end of this communication, he seemed suddenly to remember that he had had a warm, indignant letter from his daughter, which came very much out of season, just when he wished to give himself up entirely to the consideration of his own personal affairs. He advised her to accept the match proposed to her, as she was scarcely likely now to find a better one. He, for his part, would find it very difficult to attend to her settlement in life after his marriage. He and Madame de Marsac would be in Paris in the early autumn, when they had hoped to marry her off safely—"for my dear promised wife feels like a mother towards you, Aimée"—and then, afterwards, grave poli-

tical affairs would call them back to Russia. It was awkward—very awkward. Of course Aimée could accompany them, but there were objections to that plan. On the whole, it would be very much more suitable in every way if she became Comtesse de Varenne. It was a pretty title, and, though the position might be more brilliant as far as fortune went, a better *parti* was not just then within his reach. As to her going back to America, that, of course, was a last possible resource; but, as she knew his sentiments on that subject, it was not necessary to repeat them.

During this time Madame Fréval was very kind to her young guest, neglecting the others somewhat for her. There was a tacit understanding between these two, though there had been no formal confidence. The elder lady pitied the girl and was very tender with her—tender, yet firm.

"Paul de Varenne insists on seeing you, dear," she said, on the afternoon of the third day.

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Aimée in a frightened way.

"He says he has the right to be admitted."

Aimée did not answer save by a few tears, which she did not attempt to check. Presently she said,—

"If some one you loved dearly, more dearly than you ever thought to love, proved himself unworthy of your esteem, what would you do?"

"I should first require very strong proofs indeed of his unworthiness. I would not judge him on mere appearances."

"But if no doubt were possible? Would you not despise yourself if, in spite of that conviction, that knowledge, you felt that you loved him more than ever—if secretly you

listened for the sound of his footstep, for a chance word heard at a distance—if you longed to throw away all restraints, all pride, all dignity, and allow yourself to marry a man whom you could not esteem—Oh, Madame Fréval, I am so unhappy!” Then she told the whole history from beginning to end.

Madame Fréval listened, soothed her, and promised help. She had known Paul quite intimately, and could not believe him capable of treachery. Still, there were Mila’s own words—there was the seal. She bade Aimée be patient, persuaded her to give up morbid brooding, to do her utmost to get well and strong, and then—

“And then!” exclaimed Aimée, “what am I to do with my life if I may not love him?”

“Live it nobly, simply trusting yourself to God. Live it actively, cheerfully too. Keep before you a high ideal; you will fail to



attain it, no doubt; but there are many failures in this world nobler than mere successes. If we could explain all lives here, eternity with its boundless justice would lose half its meaning. Look at Jeanne! Would you change places with her even now?"

"No—my poor Jeanne!" and Aimée reproached herself with having neglected her friend in the first selfishness of grief.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MADAME FRÉVAL'S GUESTS.

AND what became of Jeanne during those weary days when Aimée lay stretched pale and listless on the lounge upstairs? At first she felt strange and lonely enough; but before long the strangeness and loneliness wore off.

“Dear Madame,” said Ernestine one day to her hostess, “I must speak to you. My heart is full of uneasiness and anxiety.”

“Why, what can the matter be?”—and Madame Fréval prepared to give the worthy lady her full attention. She had won

Ernestine's heart from the beginning by consulting her on domestic affairs, by accepting her help on various occasions, and by paying her little attentions which the rest of the household did not think it necessary to pay to this plain old maid.

"Look out of this window!" and Ernestine pointed to the lawn with quite a tragic little motion of the hand. On the lawn were walking up and down, conversing together, two persons—Jeanne and Edward Saunders.

"Well?" questioned Madame Fréval, smiling in spite of herself.

"Is it seemly? is it right? Jeanne is forgetting all the precepts with which she was brought up. She will not listen to me when I speak to her of the modesty and discretion necessary to a young girl. Oh, if my father were to see her walking alone with a young man!"

"But, my dear Mdlle. de Varenne, I assure you that Mr. Saunders is a man most worthy of confidence. I have a particular esteem and liking for him; otherwise I should not have invited him. Jeanne is as safe with him as she could be with Paul."

"But do you not see that it looks badly? Then I hear them all talk about this grand fête which you are going to give; they say that there is to be, besides dancing, *tableaux vivants*!"

"Yes, I understand that the young people are thinking of getting some up for the occasion."

"Oh, Madame Fréval!"

"You must remember, my dear friend, that there are several English people among my guests, and that private theatricals, tableaux, and such-like amusements always come on the programme at country-house

entertainments. They are not quite so frequent among us, I know ; but as there is no harm whatever in them, I think we must submit."

Ernestine sighed, but said no more. She felt that to make a protest was all which she as guest had a right to do. She had no power to change the decisions of her hostess. Only she groaned in spirit over the laxity of Madame Fréval's ideas ; much travelling and the frequenting of foreigners had quite unsettled her principles. All she could do was to try and persuade Jeanne to keep out of all these fine doings, as she intended herself to do ; but then the cases were not alike. No one had asked her to take part in the *tableaux vivants*, and she scarcely anticipated being surrounded by crowds of partners at the ball. Once more Ernestine heartily wished they had never left Les Tourelles ;

no good could come of this visit. Henri had made himself sick with too much pastry, and now Jeanne was becoming worldly-minded !

To tell the truth, a great change had in reality come over Jeanne. She had left home almost as reluctantly as her sister ; indeed, she had pleaded to be left at the château, partly because of a natural shrinking from strangers, and partly because she did not feel sure of herself. The first day or two had been painful to her ; she felt that she was not one with all these people. She felt, too, with an acuteness of which she was herself ashamed, that she was ill-dressed in comparison with them—that whereas the Misses Saunders changed their toilettes on all occasions, she herself kept the same simple dress day after day. What she did not know, however, was that the simple dress, made

under Aimée's directions, became her very well ; and that she had a certain grace and dignity in her movements, for which the other ladies would willingly have bartered their finest clothes.

"A woman who walks across a room like that could be made something of," said the Baron de Pierrefonds to his cousin, as he meditatively looked after Jeanne.

M. de Pierrefonds was not the only one who appreciated Jeanne. Edward Saunders liked to talk to her, finding out with no little tact the subjects most likely to interest her, and enjoying greatly the sudden waking into life of her strange, silent beauty. Not that he was at all in love with her ; Edward was far too modern a young man to be susceptible ; besides, he was violently prejudiced against Frenchwomen, like most of his countrymen, and made but one exception to his sweep-

ing theories—that exception being Madame Fréval.

At first Jeanne was more alarmed than pleased at being the object of attentions, but little by little the alarm subsided. She had confessed to Aimée that there were times when she longed with a desperate longing for the commonest, the most vulgar society triumphs, and she had by no means exaggerated in saying this ; and at last something like society had come to her, and she felt that, if she chose, she could take her place boldly among the foremost. But many scruples kept her back ; first a religious fear of losing the spirit of piety, then the remembrance of what was expected from unmarried women. There were times, however, when she forgot those scruples. In the evening a little dance or charades would be organized, and she would share in these worldly amuse-



ments in a way which made her worthy sister shudder. Ernestine tried to remonstrate, to scold even, but to her great astonishment she found that Jeanne did not bow before her authority. Then Edward Saunders gave her lessons in riding. She looked truly superb on horseback, so much so that M. de Pierrefonds swore in his admiration that she would create a sensation in the Bois de Boulogne if she were to show herself there as Amazone, and for one wild minute he contemplated the possibility of her doing so as Baronne de Pierrefonds. But he wiped his forehead hastily, and banished the imprudent thought—for be it known that M. de Pierrefonds was a man to whom matrimony appeared in the light of a servitude too dreadful to be contemplated by men of wisdom like himself. He was now middle-aged, bald, and inclined to stoutness. He was furthermore rich, and

believed in all the good things of life with great fervour. He had spent his youth in warding off the attacks of calculating parents, and now felt that, by these numerous victories, some of which he gave his friends to understand were hard-won, he had earned the right to repose and enjoyment.

At this time M. de Pierrefonds was in his glory. If he had a talent for anything it was certainly for the organizing and managing of merry-makings. His cousin had issued invitations for a dinner and ball, the house was now quite full, and from the châteaux in the neighbourhood, from the watering-places, came numbers of acceptances, for Madame Fréval was a universal favourite ; and besides, a ball at that time and in that place was certainly a novelty. The Marquis de Varenne had promised to come, and so give a public sanction to his reconciliation with his neighbour.

At last, the day before Madame Fréval's grand house-warming, as she chose to call her festivities, all the preparations were completed. M. de Pierrefonds had made all the gay young people work hard in preparing costumes, rehearsing, decorating the house, and so forth. He was in reality so good-natured a man that his assumption of authority was easily accepted. As a reward of industry he proposed for the afternoon a riding party to a point of view celebrated in all the country around. Aimée, from her window, saw the gay cavalcade ride away. Her eyes were veiled with tears, but they easily recognized Paul's tall figure. He was riding next to Julia Saunders, and was apparently talking merrily to her. Aimée's heart sank within her; she had refused to answer his messages, and after a time, those messages had ceased. Madame

Fréval, in her sensible way, had urged Aimée to seek some explanation—had offered to speak to Paul herself—but this had excited Aimée to such a degree that she was forced to desist.

“It would be like asking him to invent some story that I might accept, so as to forgive him. Dear madame, I am too cowardly to stand such a test! I know that at his first plausible word I should relent; and yet what I saw with my eyes, what I heard with my ears, cannot have been a deception. Since I heard him tell an untruth about the seal—that seal which five minutes before he must have received from Mila—how could I in conscience accept his word? Yet I know that I should accept it, because I am very weak, and because at times I feel inclined to call him back to my side, all perjured and faithless though he has proved himself!”

And now, as she listened to the tramp of the horses dying away in the distance, she felt hurt and sore that he should have desisted in his efforts to see her.

“He is easily consoled,” she thought.

Her room seemed to her dismally sad and solitary. She longed for some sort of sympathy—of companionship—but Madame Fréval had been forced to leave her, and so she was quite alone. Suddenly the sound of music reached her. Franz Weiler had not gone with the rest; no doubt his state of health forbade such violent exercise as riding. She would go down and listen to his music; it would do her good. She was quite strong enough to go down; indeed, she might have left her room some days before, had she not shrunk sensitively from the thought of mixing with the careless merry-makers.

As she went down she saw little Henri disconsolately looking out of a window.

"When shall I be a big man and have a horse? Did you see them go? Was it not fine, *petite tante?*" This was his pet name for Aimée, of whom he was very fond.

"Do not call me *tante!*" she answered sharply. The word jarred on her singularly.

"Why not?" asked the child, who was unaccustomed to being repulsed.

"Because I am not your aunt."

"But you will be one day," he replied; "Jules told me so. He said you were soon to marry *l'oncle Paul*—that will be very nice!"

To know that her private affairs had been discussed by Jules, Albert's groom, was not calculated to quiet Aimée's already irritated nerves. She turned away abruptly. Henri ran after her.

"I was going to forget! *Oncle Paul* told

me to give you this bit of paper, which he tore from his pocket-book. I was to take it up to you in your room, only I forgot all about it."

Aimée took the scrap of paper with trembling fingers. For the instant she forgot all her resentment in the delight of looking at his handwriting.

"I must and will see you." Nothing more! The writing was irregular and hasty—the handwriting of a man who wrote in anger or under strong emotion. Somehow those few peremptory words touched her more than his pleadings had done. A man whose conscience accused him of base treachery could scarcely venture to assume anger. Yet, even after writing these words, he had joined the riding party! Could he not have remained in the hope of seeing her alone?

She went on to the drawing-room. She would not seem at least to seek for that interview which he claimed. When he came back he should not find her alone, meekly waiting his pleasure.

Franz Weiler sprang up at her entrance, and went towards her with both hands extended. He was so glad to see her; his eyes, his flushed bright face, told her that even more plainly than his words. Was she sure she was quite well—quite strong again? He piled cushions about her, shaded the light from her eyes, looked at her with a poet-like adoration which half amused, half touched her. She had grown to be the lady of his dreams, and he took no pains whatever to hide it.

“Play for me,” she said; “I need your music.”

He could express himself far better through



his melodies than by words, and so he obeyed willingly enough. Never, perhaps, had he played so well. There was a tender sadness, an inexpressible longing in the music, which would have touched a harder heart than Aimée's. A musician is something more than a man when he abandons himself to the inspiration of his genius.

"There are tears in your eyes!" he exclaimed, looking at her. Then in an instant he was by her side. "Why should you fear me?" he asked sadly, as involuntarily she shrank a little from him, feeling that it was as lover, not as friend, that he bent over her. "Why should you fear me? My love cannot harm you. I know that your heart is given to another; and, even if it were otherwise, you would not think of me as a possible lover. But let me worship you! Stay! it shall be silently, respectfully. You are to me

like a being of another world; you inspire me. I speak to you through my music, and it is through a haze of poetry that I see you. Be kind and pitiful to me! My life has been hard. The women I have met on my way have been coarse-natured and coarse-mannered. You are the first woman with youth, beauty, and refinement, who ever deigned to interest herself much in the unknown artist. Let me worship you—make you my goddess! It will not be for long. I am a dying man; I know it, however kindly my friends try to hide it from me.”

Aimée looked at him. She saw in his honest eyes, that he was really laying his heart bare before her. A great pity and tenderness came over her; silently she gave him her hand; silently, too, he raised it to his lips.

At that moment a shadow fell on them.

Standing on the verandah, by the open window, stood Paul, riding-whip in hand. He looked white and stern. The two men looked at each other.

"Shall I leave you?" asked the young musician of Aimée.

"Yes," she answered very low; and he left the room—a hot, red spot burning in each cheek.

"I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle de Marsac; I thought it was my affianced wife that I should find here, but it seems that I am mistaken!"

"You are mistaken!" said Aimée, rising and confronting him. "I can never be your wife!"

Paul had expected some explanation, some excuse; he certainly had not expected those quiet, coldly-spoken words. He remained some instants bewildered; then, going up to

her, and taking her in his arms, he exclaimed passionately,

“For God’s sake, Aimée, do not play with your happiness and mine in this way! You love me, do you not, in spite of all?” She was trembling violently and trying in vain to free herself from his grasp. “It was womanly pity, or else it was your national feminine sin of coquetry, which made you accept that young man’s homage!”

This was too much. Aimée freed herself from his arms and looked at him, white with indignation. It was he, Mila’s shameless lover, who could talk like this—excusing her, forgiving her magnanimously for what required no forgiveness! She tried to speak, but the words refused to come.

“What is the meaning of this?” he asked.

“Oh!” she finally exclaimed; “never

touch me again! Never dare to approach me!"

He stepped back. The contempt of her tone, the horror with which he seemed to inspire her, bewildered him. Once more he asked for some explanation, but she turned haughtily away, and he saw her no more that day.

## CHAPTER IX.

### JEANNE'S DAY OF TRIUMPH.

JEANNE'S dress for the ball had been a subject of more discussion and interest than such a matter seemed to warrant; but Aimée had decided in her own mind that this should be Jeanne's day of triumph, and she was far too shrewd a young person to depend on the effect which beauty unadorned produces on a crowd. Madame Fréval good-naturedly entered into Aimée's views, pleased to see her forget herself so entirely in the interest she felt for her friend. Jeanne at first rebelled, and declared that she would wear the plain white

muslin Ernestine had provided for her; but finally she yielded, and allowed herself on the all-important day to be dressed by Aimée. The latter almost forgot her languor and listlessness in the new delight of making Jeanne wickedly worldly, as she called it—of seeing the magnificent eyes flash and sparkle in all this novel excitement.

There was yet another person interested in Jeanne's dress, and that was M. de Pierrefonds. He would not have owned this, certainly, but it was nevertheless true that his thoughts reverted quite often to this subject. To himself he said that it would be a shame if any but a Frenchwoman bore off the palm of beauty and taste on such a day. Jeanne was in reality by far the handsomest among Madame Fréval's guests; but, unless that beauty were set off by dress, none but discriminating judges like himself would acknowledge its supremacy.

During all the time that he had exercised his authority as master and director of his cousin's festive preparations, he had observed Jeanne closely. In the rehearsals for the tableaux she had restrained herself—left herself as much as possible in the background—for her conscience reproached her for the eagerness with which she looked forward for such an opportunity of shining; but, in spite of this reserve, the baron, who was undoubtedly a man of taste, saw and appreciated her grace, and her quick comprehension of the characters entrusted to her. If it were not a folly! . . . . but then, as he kept repeating to himself that it would be the very height of folly, he felt safe. Still this did not prevent him from wishing to see her for once appear before the world in all the queenship of her beauty.

“All is ready, my dear cousin,” he said, as



Madame Fréval, dressed to receive her guests, met him on the verandah.

"Thanks to you, baron ; you have really outdone yourself. My share of the work has been to fold my hands, look on, and admire."

"I only hope my efforts may prove worthy of you, my fair cousin. But then, you see," he added confidentially, thinking himself very shrewd indeed for having found this way of broaching the subject, "so much depends on accident ; the whole effect of a fête may be marred by two or three toilettes which do not harmonize. If one could only put at the bottom of each invitation, 'You are requested to wear a dress of such and such a colour and style,' then, indeed, one might hope for a result really beautiful and harmonious. By the way, what is Mademoiselle Jeanne going to wear?"

"I heard something about a plain white

muslin," answered the lady, with wicked enjoyment of his look of horror.

"White muslin! That might do very well for a fair girl, like her friend, Mademoiselle de Marsac; but for her—she who would grace a court dress and a duchess's coronet!"

"Let us be modest, and say that a baronial circlet would well adorn her brow." Madame Fréval said this in good-natured mockery of his enthusiasm, but he took it in earnest. He grew quite pale.

"I admire her immensely! If I were younger—if—but that is nonsense. You do not really suppose that, mistaking my interest for something warmer—you do not think—in your own eyes I am not really compromised, am I?"

"Do not be alarmed, my dear cousin. I do not think that Jeanne has ever thought of

you excepting in the character of a kind friend and excellent master of ceremonies !”

The baron felt that his cousin was making fun of him. Her last speech quite rankled in his mind. He did not wish to marry Jeanne, but it was singularly disagreeable to him that she should look upon him merely in the light of a master of ceremonies.

“ Could I not be of some use ? I am quite ready,” said Jeanne in her melodious voice. She had that moment come down, and stood just inside the window, the light falling full upon her.

“ No, thank you, dear,” answered Madame Fréval, taking her hand. “ M. de Pierrefonds, who looks at all such things in a critical way, was just wondering whether your dress would become you. Ask him whether you will do ?”

Jeanne turned quite seriously towards him.

She had been accustomed to do so when they were preparing for the tableaux, and it seemed to her perfectly natural. She was quite astonished to find that he was nervous and ill at ease.

"You do not like it?" she asked, feeling quite distressed. "Ernestine said that it was far too fanciful; indeed, I think she is quite angry that I should have yielded to Madame Fréval and Aimée on the subject. I have my white dress upstairs still."

"No, no!" quickly said the baron. "Your sister is quite mistaken; the dress is perfectly appropriate, and it suits you well."

The baron was right; it did suit her admirably. She seemed to have stepped out of one of Watteau's loveliest compositions. It was at the very beginning of the reign of the picturesque in fashion, and Jeanne's dress, fanciful though it was, was by no

means eccentric. The petticoat was of rich brocaded silk, with bouquets of deep red roses on a pale salmon-coloured ground; the over-dress was of some silky cream-coloured gauze, with broad satin stripes, made long-waisted, and cut square in the neck. From the shoulder it hung loose almost to her feet in graceful folds. Red roses to match those of the silk lay on her bosom and in her magnificent black hair.

“She is perfectly beautiful!” muttered the baron to himself as he turned away, and he felt his prudence deserting him.

There was no time, however, for committing any imprudence just then. The guests were arriving by carriage-loads, and all the inmates of the house had to help in their reception and amusement. Aimée had come down, intending to be very gay and

bright indeed. She was greeted on all sides by exclamations and congratulations on her good looks, to all of which she managed to answer lightly enough. One only did not come up to meet her, and that was Paul. He had spent all the morning in riding hard, doing his best to forget his perplexities in fatigue. Early that day he had met Madame Fréval, and had begged her to give him an explanation of Aimée's unaccountable behaviour.

"I may not do this; I promised Aimée not to interfere."

"At least tell me if there was anything in her father's letter to warrant such a sudden change? No; I see in your face that this is not the reason. I swear to you that there has been no fault on my side—nothing to justify this caprice."

"It is not a caprice. Watch Aimée, and

you will see that she is suffering at least as much as you."

"But then why not speak? I hate all these mysteries which a few quiet, sensible words might clear away."

"But those words are sometimes difficult to utter. Have patience; give the poor child time enough to recover her composure, and the explanation will come of itself."

Paul was forced to content himself with this. He watched Aimée closely; her gaiety was evidently forced and she was pale. Several times he was on the point of speaking to her, but he would not do this in a crowd, and if he took her apart it would be certainly noticed; so he contented himself with hating the buzzing, bustling merry-makers, and thinking within himself that Society was a snare and a delusion.

To Jeanne, on the contrary, it seemed like

the realization of some wonderful dream. To be courted, sought, complimented, was intoxicating to her. At first she was shy and reserved; she had made strong resolutions to keep herself calm, and to look on the world as a spectator at a show; but she had not calculated on one thing—it had never entered her head that among all these women she would be unanimously proclaimed to be the handsomest, the most queen-like. She attributed the notice she attracted to her dress, and reproached herself for having discarded the white muslin. She saw that Ernestine watched her severely, and that at each new presentation the good spinster frowned. Jeanne felt guilty as she listened to her admirers—guilty, but yet strangely exultant. Once, however, she made an effort at being what she called “good.” She went up to M. de Pierrefonds and said,—



"Please let me sit next to you at dinner?"

The baron grew a little uneasy. Had she guessed his secret thoughts? He glanced at her; she was perfectly quiet and unmoved; there was not a shade of coquetry in her expression.

"I had already arranged to have you at my side. I am glad that the arrangement should prove as satisfactory to you as it is—ahem!—delightful to me."

"Thank you. Ernestine seems to think that the young men seek me too much," and she moved away.

"The young men!" M. de Pierrefonds twirled his moustache defiantly. So! he was looked upon as an old fellow—not dangerous at all! He would let her see!

"Pray, who is that superb-looking girl who was speaking to you a moment ago?"

The speaker was an exquisite whom M. de Pierrefonds had known in Paris.

"The youngest daughter of the Marquis de Varenne."

"Indeed? How is it we do not see her in Paris?" Then he added carelessly, "*A large dot?*"

"Not a penny," answered the baron with savage pleasure; "furthermore, her father does not wish her to marry under any circumstances. Still, I fancy that if a rich man were to offer to take her, penniless as she is—shall I present you?"

"Thanks; I will content myself with admiring at a safe distance," and the exquisite sauntered away.

It was a very pretty sight indeed, this assemblage of gaily-dressed people out on the lawn, among the trees, exploring the ruins. There were no ugly contrasts of

colour, such as M. de Pierrefonds had dreaded. Everything was going on well; the organizer of the fête had every reason to be satisfied, yet his brow was clouded over; and when the time came for placing the guests at the immense dinner-table spread out on the lawn, he presided over this ceremony as though it had been one of a funereal character. He scarcely spoke to his beautiful neighbour; but then she had on the other hand a young man, who was doing his best to fascinate her by his brilliant talk. The baron did not feel able to measure himself with such a rival.

“I do not see my father!” said Jeanne suddenly.

Madame Fréval, who was opposite, said, looking at the empty seat by her side,—

“He has not come yet, but then he did not really promise to come before the evening.”

Jeanne, in spite of herself, felt relieved. She guessed that her father would not have approved of the young man who talked so well.

But the marquis was waited for in vain all the evening. He was detained at les Tourelles.

The quiet, out-of-the-way village, which had been forgotten by worldly prosperity, and thus seemed to have acquired a sort of right to be forgotten also by great calamities, suddenly became the scene of much heart-rending suffering. The hitherto unknown disease, diphtheria, broke out with great violence, attacking nearly exclusively the children.

M. de Varenne was on the point of starting for Monrepos when the curé approached him. There was no awkwardness in the priest's aspect now. His very ugliness was changed, elevated by an earnest expression, which showed him to be much moved.

"M. le Marquis," he said, without any of his habitual hesitation, "I have come to claim your help."

"What can I do for you, M. le Curé?" The old gentleman drew back instinctively, believing that his purse would have to suffer.

"The throat disease among the children of the village has assumed such alarming proportions that we must have medical aid, and a couple of sisters, if possible. Your horse is saddled; could you not send at once for a doctor at Bigorre, and have a despatch sent off to Toulouse?"

"Are you not exaggerating the importance of the disease?" asked the marquis, at the same time putting up his handkerchief to his nose from a vague fear of contagion.

"Widow Baily's little girl died in my arms just now; she was just your grandchild's age."

"M. le Curé!" said the marquis warmly, quite ashamed of his momentary cowardice, "dispose of me and of all I possess. Thank God, Henri is out of the place! I will give the necessary orders at once."

Then he bowed, as the priest was turning to go, but a better feeling came over him, and, taking the curé's hand, he pressed it warmly.

"Thank you for your apostolic care of my people!"

At another time the curé would have smiled bitterly; but now his heart was too full of pity for the poor little sufferers, and of eagerness to perform his duty, to allow him to think of anything else.

The marquis took off his dress-coat; he had no relish now for seeing dancing and frivolity.

So, while the moans of young children and

the despairing cries of mothers rose in the evening air, not many miles off laughter and light talk rose on that same soft atmosphere, and perhaps, as the waves of sound grew and spread, mingled in time with the echoes of the pitiful wailings.

## CHAPTER X.

### A TEST.

AIMÉE found the part she was playing even more difficult than she had anticipated. At table Paul seated himself next to her, though it was not his appointed place. To talk to her other neighbour, feeling that he was listening to every word she was saying, made the effort at appearing careless and light-hearted too painful to be endured ; so, after a while, she sank into silence. But she soon saw that this silence was being noticed and commented upon by those who knew or guessed that there had been a question of marriage



between Paul and herself; so, with an effort at indifference, which was a sad failure, she said,—

“You did not help much in the preparations this morning, I understand, M. de Varenne?”

“No, I took a long ride.”

“In which direction may I ask?”

“In the direction of the château, but I did not stop there.”

“Nor at the village?”

“No.”

“I have not seen Mila for some time; I thought that perhaps you might give me news of her?”

She said this with such evident difficulty, with a voice so unlike her own, that he looked at her curiously without answering. She interpreted this silence in a very different way, and turned from him with great bitter-

ness in her heart. He had been to meet the little peasant, and yet, after such an interview, he could force himself on her society! Luckily Madame Fréval at that moment gave the signal for rising, or Aimée might have found great difficulty in retaining her outward composure.

“My darling!” murmured Paul, as in the bustle of leaving the table he found himself close to her. “Let me—”

But she turned on him with a look of such indignant scorn that he drew back.

The tableaux were to precede the ball, and already the large drawing-room was darkened, and rows of chairs arranged for the spectators. Aimée bravely did her duty in placing the guests; then, taking advantage of the semi-obscurity, she slipped out, intending to rest a little on the verandah before again taking up the burden of her

dreary society-work. Perhaps, too, in a vague way, she reckoned on a meeting or an explanation with Paul—a meeting which she dreaded, yet longed for. But Paul had been called to help behind the scene, and did not see her leave the party.

There are few things more curiously depressing than the listening to the rise and fall of talk in a crowd when one is not one of that crowd. The scraps of conversations heard at hap-hazard, form a senseless jargon which gives one the impression that the world is mad, or that one has lost one's own senses. Aimée heard without hearing, feeling strangely alone and miserably dispirited. The first tableau produced sudden quiet, then applause followed; then the noise of voices recommenced.

“Beautiful! Who is it? an English girl? Ah, those foreigners! Such an exhibition

is scarcely proper! My daughter should not—" "Very good dinner indeed; one must eat well in the country to forget that Paris is so far." "A *mésalliance*—yes, you know, but it all happened ages ago!" "What are we to have next, M. de Pierrefonds?" Then Aimée heard the baron, in the midst of comparative silence, explain that the next would be a pantomime-tableau taken from *Macbeth*—that Mdlle. de Varenne, who was to personate Lady Macbeth, had ideas of her own which were not bad—really not bad at all. Aimée, at any other time, would have been full of excitement, full of hopes and fears on the subject of her friend's performance, but now the thought of returning among all those people grew positively hateful to her. She rose from her seat and, unobserved, went slowly up to her room. She had got beyond caring as to what might be said of

her disappearance. Once safely seated by her open window, looking out on the peaceful, lovely night, the bitterness gradually left her; but the lonely feeling, the utter despondency, only seemed to increase. Tears fell down her cheeks, and seemed to burn them. Then, kneeling down, she tried to pray, feeling, as we all have done at times, that it is in sorrow that God is nearest to us. Gradually physical fatigue,—for she was not yet strong,—mingling with the prostration of mind, caused her to rest her head on a cushion; and before long she sank to sleep, while the evening breeze gently fanned her flushed and tear-stained face.

The tableau in which Jeanne was to appear was the great effort—the culminating attraction of the evening's entertainment. She had chosen this passage of Lady Macbeth's soliloquy:—

“Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done’t.”

She would act this; it had taken possession of her. She saw the scene, felt it, and knew that she could make it live. This, her first introduction in Shakespeare, had been a singular delight to her. She secretly took up to her room a translation of some of his plays, and, poor as such a translation was by the side of the original, it was to her like a revelation. Despite all the efforts she made at the rehearsals to appear calm, and to curb her instincts of artist, there was a general belief in her superiority, and M. de Pierrefonds’ best efforts had been directed to making the accessories worthy of the actress.

There was seen, on the lifting of the curtain, the grey walls of an ancient castle room. On a couch reposed the doomed monarch,

in an attitude in which certainly no man in ordinary life would find it possible to sleep; his crown—for on private stages monarchs are supposed never to eat, drink, or sleep without their crowns—significantly fallen from his head. All this was absurd enough from the impossible attitude to the hair powdered to supernatural whiteness; but all sense of incongruity vanished as Lady Macbeth made her appearance.

There was a barbaric splendour about her dress which gave full value to her pale, set face, with its gleaming eyes; her black hair, half caught up, half falling on her shoulders, gave a wildness to her appearance, inseparable from contemplated stage violence. A loose girdle of precious stones caught up the folds of a rich red upper skirt; the under petticoat was of embroidered white satin. A circlet of gold rested on her head, and her neck and

arms were loaded with ornaments. But no one noticed her dress after the first glance; they saw that it gleamed richly—that was enough. It was the face, with its wonderful depth of expression, which kept all spell-bound. Jeanne was as completely Lady Macbeth for the moment as though such things as stage make-believes did not exist. She advanced rapidly—a stern determination and pitiless cruelty on her beautiful face. As she stopped close to the couch, looking down on the face of her victim—conveniently upturned for the purpose—there came over her a change, not violent and sudden, but subtle and dreamy, as though a memory, long forgotten, were gradually shaping itself—then a shudder, so real, that it communicated itself to the audience. Once, as though impatient of her own weakness, she lifted her dagger; but her arm fell again, nerveless, by her side, and she



shrank away. All her stateliness left her in an instant; she was but a weak woman, oppressed by an overmastering terror. The sleeping man seemed to fascinate her, and, as she turned to go, her eyes never left her intended victim's face. When she reached the door she stopped, supporting herself by the wall; then, with a wild gesture, she disappeared.

It was a perfect piece of acting, something so far beyond mere amateur performances, something so startling, that for a moment after the curtain fell there was complete silence; then the applause burst forth in deafening peals. Paul, who from the side scenes had witnessed the whole, looked on with a puzzled sense of unreality. Jeanne rushed past him to a small boudoir dimly lighted and deserted; she sank breathless on the lounge. It was not only from excitement

that she was exhausted, but from the sense that her secret was now no longer her own, with the undefined fear also that in thus giving her genius free scope before the eyes of the world, she had in some way transgressed against her self-imposed ascetic rule of restraint. To Paul this acting was a revelation. He went up to his sister and kissed her. "My poor Jeanne, how long have you known yourself to be—what you are?"

"Since I was a child!"

She looked up to him, this proud Lady Macbeth, with tears in her eyes, yearning greatly for a little sympathy and comfort. At that moment M. de Pierrefonds bustled up.

"Such a success—wonderful! They are calling for a repetition! You must come!"

"Do you not see that she is utterly worn out?" said Paul, almost savagely. The baron looked on the pale face, which seemed all the

paler for the glamour of rich stuffs and jewels, and something in this worldly nature was moved. He took one of Jeanne's cold hands with more of real chivalry than any one could have suspected, then he quietly withdrew.

"The baron is very kind," said Jeanne, with entire simplicity.

"Very," replied Paul, drily.

"*Ma cousine*," said M. de Pierrefonds, taking Madame Fréval away from her guests without the slightest remorse, "will you do me a great favour?"

"Yes," answered Madame Fréval, rather wondering at the little gentleman's unusually grave manner.

"Will you tell Mademoiselle de Varenne that I aspire to the honour of her hand? Will you tell her that at once?"

They were standing in a recess of the drawing-room, and a stray light fell directly

on M. de Pierrefonds' face. She looked at him, somewhat inclined to smile, but she saw something in his eyes which instantly restored her to composure. Quietly and gently she promised, and went away to find Jeanne.

## CHAPTER XI.

### VICTORY.

JEANNE was still in the little boudoir, listening almost unconsciously to the applause called forth by another tableau. Her excitement had abated, and she was once more calm and pale. Holding her hand, the gentle lady told her of M. de Pierrefonds' proposals. Jeanne at first gave one quick glance of incredulity and of almost childlike surprise, such an impossibility, had she been brought up to consider marriage; then she listened with almost painful intensity—no muscle stirring—all her faculties concentrated in the sense of hearing.

Madame Fréval did not particularly relish her task. She shrank from pressing the baron's claims, even while her sense of justice forced her clearly and simply to explain the advantages which would accrue from such a marriage. She also touched upon M. de Varenne's opposition, and showed that it would not be impossible to remove it. Then, having fulfilled her duty conscientiously, she stopped and curiously examined the motionless pale girl by her side. Jeanne, after the last words died away, remained some instants still silent, then slowly raised her head, showing a new hardness about the mouth and eyes.

"Why does M. de Pierrefonds wish to marry me? You have spoken of the advantages which I should derive from this alliance, and I understand them clearly; but on his side what will he gain?"

Madame Fréval was startled; at first she

scarcely knew what to answer. She remembered more than one occasion on which the gentleman had spoken of the grace with which such a girl as Jeanne would preside over a household—of the pride which her peculiar beauty would inspire in a husband ; but all this was scarcely to be repeated. At last she answered cautiously, feeling that, with a girl like Jeanne, each word must be carefully chosen.

“But, my child, the baron sincerely admires you. Is not that sufficient?”

“I do not know. I do not understand men’s natures. That is why I asked the question.” Then she added quickly, “All this time you have merely spoken of what he would do for me ; you have not said you advised me to accept.”

“Certainly not. I could not give any such advice.”

“Why not? I am very much alone. I want advice.” And, for the first time, something like feeling came into her cold face. In an instant Madame Fréval was touched, and she put her arms around the desolate, motherless girl.

“Jeanne, dear! I cannot advise you in such a matter. You must let your own heart speak and decide.”

“My heart? Why my heart says nothing! It has no interest in a fine position and plenty of money to spend! Did you expect me to love your cousin?” The colour was rising fast in Jeanne’s cheeks now. She spoke rapidly, waiting for no answer.

“I should live in Paris, be admired, have rich dresses and a carriage, entertain at my own house, go to the theatre, see all the greatest actresses, and feel that I could teach them how to move their audiences! In a



word, I should live—feel the blood course rapidly in my veins! Blanche would envy me then, would she not? As to heart, why is there such a thing? It seems to me that there is scarcely even such a thing as conscience!”

“Jeanne, Jeanne!” Madame Fréval was distressed—shocked beyond measure. She had always respected Jeanne de Varenne with that sort of respect which is so beautiful when granted by an old to a young woman. This flushed, dry-eyed, almost cruel-looking girl—this embryo worldling, who, once started on a regular Parisian career, would scarcely stop even at prudence—was a new being to her. Jeanne looked into Madame Fréval’s soft eyes, and, seeing tears there, looked first surprised, perhaps a little touched; then suddenly, without warning, the deep passionate, love-craving nature asserted itself.

She flung herself down by her kind friend, and, laying her poor tired head on her lap, said,—

“Is not life hard? Is it not a mockery? Can you not guess that during all these dreary years, sometimes unconsciously, sometimes knowingly, I have craved, hungered for some love; that there is in me the stuff of which devoted wives are made? Oh! I could for such a love brave poverty, hardships, death even, and—and with my wild unreasoning longings after what is high and noble—see what fate offers me! It is a cruel sarcasm.”

“The baron is generous and a gentleman,” said Madame Fréval.

“And, in my place, could you love him?” asked the girl passionately.

“I would do my duty to him, as many years ago I did my duty to one I found it impossible to love.”

"I know, I know; but then you did not of your own free will, for the sake of his money, choose to marry him."

"Dear, you need not marry M. de Pierrefonds!"

"No; but to return to the château, to go back to my old life there, after having been intoxicated with unaccustomed pleasure, that would be dreadful! This is an evil temptation, I know, against which it is my duty to pray and wrestle; but I scarcely know how to pray now. I am, to the innermost marrow of my bones, an actress. Sometimes I think, with horror, that my very devotion is but acting; yet God, who sees my soul, knows that I have meant well. Why cannot I die?" And then the pent-up feeling found vent in wild sobs. Madame Fréval soothed and caressed her pityingly.

Before long another revulsion of feeling

came upon her; the colour burned with strange intensity in her cheeks, her eyes gleamed with unnatural brightness. "They are dancing!" she said excitedly; "I want to dance too. Are my eyes red? Pray let me go; I have never been to a ball. It must be such pleasure to waltz in a fine room, with the smell of flowers about, and floods of light on the beautiful dresses!"

"What shall I say to M. de Pierrefonds?" Madame Fréval was puzzled; this violent mutability was what her own sweet nature could scarcely understand.

"Say that I will give him an answer to-morrow. To-night I cannot think; I can only feel."

It was late when the ball ended. "Such a wonderful success!" "Never had there been such a fête!" The guests could not tire in their expressions of delight. Jeanne,

the acknowledged queen of the evening, stood receiving congratulations at her ease, almost insolent with her new sense of power. She knew the baron to be watching her, and she, the silent, the ascetic, found light speeches, looks, and graces, which astonished and somewhat scandalized those about her. She was just turning away from one admirer to speak to another, when a word uttered not far from her caught her attention. She then saw that standing on the gravel-walk was Madame Fréval, speaking to a peasant. She recognized him as one of their own farm labourers. He was telling Madame Fréval about the panic at the village, and giving her a message from the marquis. The dreadful malady was spreading rapidly. A strong, healthy girl of twenty, the sister of a child who had died that evening, was attacked; and the marquis begged that his

family should be forced to remain at Monrepos, away from possible infection, a part of the château having been turned into a temporary hospital. A doctor had arrived, and predicted that the disease would disappear as suddenly as it had appeared. Jeanne listened to all this standing quite motionless, like one in a dream. Neither Madame Fréval nor the peasant saw her, as she remained in deep shadow. When she had heard all that the man had to say, and saw him move away, then cautiously she slipped by the open windows unnoticed, and ran up quickly to her room, where Aimée was sleeping. She pressed her hands to her burning forehead and tried to think, but there was great confusion in her brain. Gradually the noise below subsided—carriage after carriage rolled away—then the noises in the house, the running upstairs,

the opening and shutting of doors, the calling of one to another—all this at last sank into the night-hush. Still Jeanne could not collect her thoughts. The dance-music was sounding in her ears; the words she had listened to, and her own answers, repeated themselves over and over again to her, as though in mockery. She looked out of the open window, trying to penetrate the deep shade under the trees, or mechanically counting the shadows of the verandah pillars, as reflected in the vivid moonlight. Once, looking down, she caught the shimmer of the borrowed jewels on her bosom. Shuddering, she unclasped them and put them far from her; then she took off her rich dress, and, still half unconscious of what she was doing, put on her morning costume. After this she regained something like clearness of mind. "I am coming!" she said, half aloud,

stretching out her arms in the direction of the stricken village. She was quiet now; her duty lay simple and clear before her. Taking a piece of letter-paper, she wrote a hasty note to her hostess:—

“I hear the voices of those poor children calling me, and I must go. I was mad, but my madness has dropped from me with the borrowed splendours of my play-dress. Tell your cousin that I regret deeply what has happened; that I pray him to forgive me if what I am saying should give him pain. I cannot be his wife; it would be perjuring myself, to promise what I could not fulfil.”

When she had finished her letter, she methodically folded and directed it; then, stopping an instant to look at Aimée as she slept, she softly left the room.



## CHAPTER XII.

### A MAD EIDE.

THE day after a ball is rarely a lively one. Besides the positive fatigue, there is the sense of dreariness which excitement leaves by way of after-taste. But the morning after Madame Fréval's entertainment was rendered particularly unpleasant by the news from the village. It had one good effect, however; Aimée, as she learnt Jeanne's departure and its cause, forgot to brood over her own troubles. Madame Fréval had no easy task in enforcing the Marquis de Varenne's orders. Both Aimée and Ernes-

tine insisted on starting at once for Les Tourelles to help in the nursing. Ernestine especially was hard to manage. That Jeanne should have acted on her own responsibility; that she should have gone away alone, in the middle of the night, to put herself in the midst of the infection, was a thing too irritating. She was the eldest; Jeanne had usurped her place, and had shown unpardonable boldness in disposing of herself without asking any one's permission. But she no longer understood Jeanne; the girl had gone mad, refused to listen to reproof, made herself a spectacle for the amusement of strange people, danced, laughed, behaved with alarming recklessness—altogether, had become such a contrast to her old self that one could only sit and look at her in sorrow. And now she had gone to the other extreme, took no heed of her father's order, and gone

to act the saint; but then Jeanne had always been a strange child. Perhaps what tormented the good soul almost as much as Jeanne's dangers and her eccentricities was the thought of the château turned into a hospital, given over to strangers, who would ransack her closets and make light of her stores. She wrote a touching appeal to her father, and then perforce she armed herself with what patience she could and waited.

The two brothers had disappeared also. Paul, on receiving the news, instantly set off for the village, believing, and believing rightly as it proved, that the first panic had caused the state of things to be exaggerated. Albert, on the other hand, had been suddenly called to Toulouse. His last absence had been far too long to please Madame de Banville. She had been inclined to be very indulgent with this calm lover of her

daughter, but indulgence has a limit. She began to suspect that there was more than mere indifference to Agathe; that in his absences Albert sought consolations which she as his future mother-in-law could not countenance. Not unnaturally she suspected that the Monrepos party was too gay and fascinating to do him any good. Agathe could not stand comparisons, so Albert received a summons which he dared not disobey. The contract was to be signed in a few days, on which occasion Madame de Banville meant to give an entertainment of which Toulouse should talk of long after the event, and she would know how to manage to keep the truant by her side until the marriage-day. Unluckily that day could not be advanced; the formalities of the law and the Church had to be observed. Albert was greatly disturbed at having to obey. His

arrangements for putting Mila in safety were not complete, for he had to act with great prudence, so as not to compromise himself; and now he would be forced either to give up his plans, or else entrust them to a third person. However, his star was on the ascendant, and all things doubtless would come out well in the end.

“This will never do!” exclaimed Edward Saunders, as he entered the drawing-room that afternoon. His sisters were listlessly extended on lounges; Aimée was trying, without much success, to look interested in what Franz Weiler was saying to her; and two or three other lady guests were spending their last day under Madame Fréval’s hospitable roof in yawning or languidly looking over photographic albums as an excuse for silence.

“Oh, Edward!” said Julia Saunders, with

sisterly frankness; "you are quite brutal with your superabundant strength. I dare say if we spent what intelligence we had in rowing matches and such-like intellectual pleasures, we too might look rosy and fresh after such an evening as the last."

"I assure you if you did look rosy and fresh it would be a decided improvement. Come, put on your habits, ladies; I will order the horses at once. If you had taken a good canter yesterday morning, Miss Aimée, you would not have been forced to leave us so early in the evening. There is nothing so bad for the health as moping indoors."

"But it is going to rain," objected one of the photographic-album ladies.

At last it was decided that the riding party should take place in spite of the clouds. Aimée secretly would have preferred staying

in the house. Paul had not come back, and—she wanted news of the poor sick children and of Jeanne. She would not acknowledge even to herself that she wished to see her faithless lover—to hear his voice once more.

The horses were all saddled, and she was already seated, when she saw in the distance, Paul advancing rapidly towards the house. The others did not notice him till he was close by; then, immediately he was overwhelmed with questions.

His tidings were somewhat reassuring; help had come, and several of the sick children were but slightly affected. The doctor did not seem particularly alarmed.

“And Jeanne?” eagerly asked Aimée, quite forgetting for the moment all unpleasant subjects.

“Jeanne,” answered Paul warmly, “is

splendid. She seems entirely in her element ; she is calm and serene ; wherever she goes all trouble and confusion seem to cease. The sick children cry for her, and all the mothers declare that she is a saint. She does not seem to feel any fatigue : and positively she is more beautiful in her plain dress, than in all the glitter of last night's triumph. She and the curé have really done wonders."

"And may I not go and help her?"

"No ; neither you nor Ernestine at present. There is no need for further help just now ; and besides, your rooms are all used for the sick."

"Will you not come with us, count ?" asked Miss Saunders.

Paul hesitated, and looked at Aimée. She blushed crimson ; but there was no hardness in her face now.

"Certainly. I will just run in to give the



news to Madame Fréval, and then I can easily catch up with you."

This was to be the last riding party from Monrepos. Most of Madame Fréval's guests were to leave the next day, the Saunderses among the rest.

"Let us go up the 'Montagne Noire,'" proposed Edward, who usually took the command of these expeditions, and who already knew the country well.

This "Montagne Noire" lay in the direction opposite to that of Les Tourelles. It was a bleak mountain, or rather high hill, crowned with a sombre wood, and occasional patches of stunted trees on its sides. The road which led up to the top was not very good, and wound in somewhat abrupt curves up the steep ascent; but the view from the top was one of the finest of the neighbourhood, and besides it had the advan-

tage of not being very far from Monrepos.

During all the early part of the drive Aimée was very quiet, and kept close to Miss Saunders as though for protection. But a change had come over her ; the first violence of her indignation against Paul had subsided. Sometimes, as she looked at him, she felt inclined to doubt her own ears and eyes, and to believe him to be the true loyal-hearted man she had once fancied him. At any rate she had taken a great resolution ; she would grant him the explanation he demanded, painful as the subject was to her. Little by little her spirits rose ; she could never be entirely miserable on horseback, and was quite surprised to find that she could still laugh. When a level space was reached, she made her pretty horse " Bayard " rear and then start off in a mad canter. She was a good

horsewoman, and could not bear tame riding.

The view from the Montagne Noire differed from most of the points of view Aimée had yet seen; it was wilder, more savage. A great bare, bleak mountain hid the Monrepos region quite from sight, and in the distance the Maladetta loomed in the grey cloud-veiled sky ominously. The party stopped near the summit to admire, according to their individual power of appreciating natural beauty. Just above them was a large ledge of rock commanding the road, and on this ledge stood four or five peasants, who had been picking up the dry twigs, and had made huge faggots of them which they carried on their heads. They formed a picturesque group as they stood looking down from their height on the ladies and gentleman. They were evidently much amused at the

riding-habits of the ladies, and their odd way of sitting on their horses.

“Catch!” called out Paul; and he threw up pennies to the immense delight of the peasants. It became a game which seemed to amuse the two parties equally. One very young girl was particularly clever at catching the coppers, and elicited the applause and probably also the envy of her companions.

“This is the last!” said Paul, feeling in his pockets.

Up flew the penny. The girl stretched forward to catch it, nearly losing her balance. The faggot, which all this time she had deftly kept on her head, fell rattling over the edge of the rock. By ill-chance Aimée happened to be just in the way; the faggot barely touched her, but fell on her horse’s head. Bayard started, quivering in every nerve; the dry, rattling noise frightened him

as much as the unexpected blow. He reared, quite heedless of Aimée's attempts to pacify him, and then tore down the road at a mad gallop.

For an instant all her companions stood helpless in terrified astonishment. The whole had been so instantaneous that it had been impossible to go to the rescue; but now each and all perceived Aimée's danger. The horse would inevitably lose all control over himself, rushing down hill at such a wild pace. After the first few curves, would he be able even to keep the road? Would not the furious impetus send him and his poor young rider over the precipice which the road bordered?

Paul calculated Aimée's danger with a clearness of perception at which he himself wondered. He saw that there was but one possible means of saving her, and he immediately adopted it. He was already off his

horse down the precipitous mountain-side before a word had been uttered. He knew that this was his only chance of reaching the road down yonder in time to head off the maddened horse. The screams of terror of the two Saunders girls as they saw him disappear rang in his ears; he had composure enough to wonder what relief women could find in screaming. He was prudent in his very imprudence, knowing that a strained ankle or a broken arm would paralyze his chance of usefulness. The rocky surface was at this place at least for some forty feet, almost a sheer precipice, broken only by fissures, small ledges, and a few stunted shrubs, sprouting from between the rocks. In reality the fissures were larger and more numerous than they seemed from above, and Paul swung with comparative ease from one to the other, clinging to the shrubs and

briars. His hands were bleeding and his boots cut through when he arrived at the less dangerous and precipitous part of the mountain-side. Here he had to dash through tangled underbrush. He slipped and slid down, scarcely able now to control his own descent, so great was the impetus. He was still at some distance from the road, when the fatal sound of the horse's hoofs struck upon his senses. With a cry he dashed forward, and at one bound found himself at last on the road at a little distance beyond the turn. The clatter of the hoofs became louder, and for an instant he grew sick with fear. Would Bayard still have sufficient control over his own movements to follow the sharp turn, or should he be forced from his place to witness the dashing of the maddened animal with his helpless rider over the precipice. The horse was in sight now ; and one

glance sufficed to tell him that Aimée, very pale, and with fixed, brightened eyes, still kept her seat. Bayard followed the bend, but was now dashing dangerously near the edge of the road ; the next turn he would have been powerless to follow. Now came the question as to whether his strength would suffice to stop the maddened creature. He planted himself firmly just in Bayard's way. The horse saw him, and Aimée saw him too. In that supreme instant their eyes met ; then Paul knew that his strength would suffice to save her. Bayard swerved a little. He came thundering down ; but Paul anticipating this, sprang forward, and with a grip of iron caught the bridle. The impetus was such that he, in spite of his efforts, was dragged along, and for one instant thought that he must inevitably be trampled upon ; but he never loosed his clutch, and managed



to direct the horse's head to the opposite side of the road. Bayard, bewildered, maddened, blinded by fright, struck his side against a trunk of a tree, and fell stunned. In an instant Paul was up, and Aimée was in his arms. Now that the danger was passed, Paul found that he was trembling in every limb, and that blood was trickling from his face, and dabbling his hands ; but he still had strength enough to hold Aimée, who in the last shock had fainted, and to kiss her white face. Presently she moaned ; and then, with a wondering glance, her eyes once more met his.

“ Oh, Paul ! ” she exclaimed, the uppermost thought in her mind at last finding expression. “ How could you make love to Mila ! ”

There was no mistaking his look of amazement.

“ I !—make love to Mila ? Oh ! my dar-

ling, how could I, when I loved you so entirely?"

There was no need of explanations now. She nestled close to him, laughing and crying in one breath, wiping from his face the blood which trickled from a gash on the forehead. Paul was grateful for this hurt, since it won for him such gentle care and such broken, foolish, delicious love-words.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### STORM-DRIVEN.

It was a desolate time at the village, even after help had come to it. There were not many deaths, and the sufferers were well nursed and cared for, but there was the constant fear of death. There was the tolling of the church bell, the funerals of the poor little victims, the hurrying to and fro of the priest, who scarcely gave himself time for his hasty meals and necessary repose, the gliding about of the two black-robed sisters who had come from Toulouse. All these things produced quite an atmosphere of terror. Women stood

in groups talking together and standing at the huts where they knew that a patient lay between life and death. The men lounged about helplessly; they had no heart for work; everything was disorganized, and they consoled themselves with sour wine, and had some, oftener than was good for them. A few grown people had been attacked; the infection had spread beyond the village limits, and who knew where it would stop? Work under such circumstances was not to be thought of. Better try and forget all these miseries in a friendly glass.

Jeanne, as she went from bed-side to bed-side, asked herself sometimes whether the visit to Monrepos had not been a troubled dream. She shuddered to think how near she had come to being false to all her principles of life. She was calm now, and so grateful that at last her longings for useful-

ness were satisfied. The sick children clung to her, loved her, and her mother-like care seemed actually to snatch them away from death. She never seemed tired. Night after night she spent nursing, as it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be induced occasionally to yield her place to one of the sisters. There was a wonderful look of rapt devotion in her eyes when she prayed. At last she was of use! Her father when he first heard that without his authorization she had taken this burden upon herself stormed angrily. But the deed was done; and little by little he learned to look upon it with more favourable eyes, and it was a tradition that the women of his family should be saint-like, as it was a tradition that the men should be brave and loyal, and after all it was rather a convenient thing to do some of one's piety by proxy, to feel that the prayers and good acts of

those about us should produce for one a place in the aristocracy of heaven—at least equal to that corresponding place on earth.

Meanwhile the time fixed for the wedding of Jean and Mila was rapidly approaching. The farm was almost ready, but Mila, at the least mention of marriage, began to cry.

“Oh, Jean!” she said once. “When the little children are dying all around us! The good God would be angry!”

Jean was touched, and promised to wait until health should return to the village, but his mother, who knew that Mila, engrossed as she had been with her own affairs, had shown a degree of apathy about the sufferings of her little neighbours highly reprehensible, was not touched at all by her exclamation. She did not in the least believe that the girl’s paleness and want of spirits arose from any feeling as elevated as sympathy. Mère Bardeaux felt

that her son was being deceived ; that Mila, instead of being grateful for his love, of being proud at the thought of becoming his wife, shrank from him, and caught at every possible excuse for putting off the wedding. She determined to watch.

That Mila had grown pale and thin was undeniable. The poor child was sorely perplexed. It was a long time since she had seen Albert. At their last interview he had told her to wait for his coming, or for some message in which he would tell her what he had determined for her future. But Mila had waited long, and her heart was heavy within her. The fear of the contagion was so strong in the village that there was but little time for gossiping. Yet she had heard some women discussing Albert's marriage with some rich lady as though it were a thing quite decided. Why did he not come and see her ? Why did

he leave her unprotected among these people? Why did he order her so peremptorily never to mention his name—never to let any one suspect that they were lovers? Was he ashamed of her?

Jean was very often with her now. He was mending the roof of the château, and spent most of his time by her side. This was becoming a real torture to her. What if Albert were suddenly to appear before them, should she be able to control her joy, then what would Jean do? She was mortally afraid of her strong lover who was so madly in love with her, so tender to her weaknesses, so proud of her beauty. One morning, however, he announced that he was going to the farm and would not be back till late. The plastering of the walls was doubtless dry, and there was a little painting to be done. Mila heaved a sigh of relief as she saw him disap-



pear. She hurried over her work, and then, unobserved, as she thought, slipped up to her little attic room. She wanted to take Albert's gifts from their hiding-place and play with them. This had been her consolation many a time when she most longed to see the giver.

It was a miserable place this little attic room of hers, with bare walls, and cracks in the rough ceiling, through which, in wet weather, the rain filtered, settling in little pools on the uneven floor. There was no lock on the door, but then, as all the rest of the attic was used as a lumber room, there was but little fear of intrusion. Mère Bardeaux was large and unwieldy. She rarely trusted herself to ascend the steep ladder-like stairs which led up to it. Here Mila felt safe. She did not at all mind the poverty of the place. She had, during these many weeks past, slept with great comfort in her mise-

nable little bed, for she had known what it was to sleep out in the open air—to waken stiff with cold. There was no chair in this hole of a place, but she sat on the floor quite resignedly, her treasures spread out on her lap. Her store of pretty things had increased. Albert had given her a golden heart with a red stone in the centre, to replace the seal to which she had taken such a fancy. She liked the heart best, however, for it was larger, and it could open. She placed it in a ray of sunlight which came through a crack, and was just admiring the glitter of the gold when the door was flung open and her terrible mistress stood before her. There was no need of accusation, no possibility of denial. The two remained for an instant quite still, Mère Bardeaux looking like some fury ready to tear its victim to pieces, Mila, ashy pale, transfixed with terror.

“And you would have married my Jean? you, knowing what you were worth!”

Mila had expected a furious onslaught, but these words were worse than any beating, and she cowered under them, moaning miserably.

“You must needs have a fine gentleman for a lover, one who would play with you and then leave you to sully an honest man’s house! Which one is it?” She was growing violent, furious, very dangerous, and Mila could only cower before her, trembling in every limb.

“Which is it?” she repeated with more violence still. “Count Paul or his brother?”

Again it was rather instinct than reasoning which forced Mila’s answer. In the midst of her desolation and misery there was one fear which was distinct in her mind—the fear that Jean’s anger should fall on the man who had

loved her. Once more, as she had answered Aimée, so she answered this woman.

“It is Count Paul.”

“Ah! so that is your gratitude to your benefactress, is it? You have robbed her of her lover, while she was making your wedding clothes, and giving you her money! And this is the creature that a man like my son must needs marry. Up with you, get away—what business have you here? Away with you, I say!”

Stunned and bewildered, Mila picked up her few belongings, put them all in a handkerchief; and then, without a word, allowed herself to be driven from the house where she was to have been a bride. The village street was almost deserted; the church bell was tolling, and all the women of the place, and not a few of the men, were assembled, praying with their priest for the cessation of

the disease which had attacked the village. Mila stood some moments listening to the bell; it never had seemed to her so human-voiced a thing before; to her excited fancy it seemed to have in it all the compassion and tenderness which she could now scarcely expect from men; she wanted to go and join in the prayers, but she dared not; she fancied that the neighbours would point at her, and repeat the dreadful things her hard mistress had said to her as she drove her from the door.

By degrees her mind grew clearer; she would go back to the people in the mountains; she had her trinkets and a little money, and that would assure her a welcome for a time at least, then—why then—she would wander away again. But in the long tramp in the mountains she would need food; so she slipped unobserved into the baker's

shop. A little girl had been left in charge. The child stared at Mila's strange looks, and at the bundle she carried; but she gave her a loaf in exchange for the coppers offered her. Mila tied the loaf up in the bundle, and then left the village, walking fast and resolutely. But as she took the road which brought her near the château, she once more hesitated, then stood, looking long at it, while tears slowly welled up into her beautiful wild eyes. If she could but see Albert once more!

Just then, at a turn of the road, she saw Jules, the Vicomte's servant. If he was at the château, surely his master must also be there. In an instant all her misery was forgotten; she should at last see her lover, and he would take care of her. Quickly hiding her bundle behind a bush, she advanced towards the man, who on

his side, as soon as he saw her, ran forward.

"I have been looking for you, little one."

"Is—" but she could say no more.

"Is Monsieur le Vicomte here?"

"No; but he has sent me here on purpose to speak to you."

"Why could he not come?" she said, beginning to feel once more very desolate.

"Why, because—because he was kept at Toulouse;" and Jules looked very knowing indeed.

"Then it is true that he is going to be married?"

She said this so calmly that Jules was deceived. "She takes it better than I expected," he said to himself; then aloud he said: "Well, you see, he could not very well help himself. The letters of '*faire part*' are out for next Saturday; but that does not

prevent him from being very fond of you. The proof is, that he has sent me to arrange things for you. You will know that I am telling the absolute truth when you see this:" and he showed her the seal. Mila looked at it, and shuddered; the "great snake," with its red eyes, seemed to glare at her, that snake that she had warmed in her bosom.

"My master," continued Jules volubly—he was not a little proud of being entrusted with the private affairs of the Vicomte—"my master sends you word that you are to keep yourself in readiness to start with me this evening. I will take you to Paris, where everything is prepared for your reception. Oh, how you will enjoy yourself, you who know nothing about cities; how you will stare at the shop windows, and then think of having money enough to buy pretty dresses, and eat bon-bons all day long. There are



his side, as soon as he saw her, ran forward.

"I have been looking for you, little one."

"Is—" but she could say no more.

"Is Monsieur le Vicomte here?"

"No; but he has sent me here on purpose to speak to you."

"Why could he not come?" she said, beginning to feel once more very desolate.

"Why, because—because he was kept at Toulouse;" and Jules looked very knowing indeed.

"Then it is true that he is going to be married?"

She said this so calmly that Jules was deceived. "She takes it better than I expected," he said to himself; then aloud he said: "Well, you see, he could not very well help himself. The letters of '*faire part*' are out for next Saturday; but that does not

prevent him from being very fond of you. The proof is, that he has sent me to arrange things for you. You will know that I am telling the absolute truth when you see this:" and he showed her the seal. Mila looked at it, and shuddered; the "great snake," with its red eyes, seemed to glare at her, that snake that she had warmed in her bosom.

"My master," continued Jules volubly—he was not a little proud of being entrusted with the private affairs of the Vicomte—"my master sends you word that you are to keep yourself in readiness to start with me this evening. I will take you to Paris, where everything is prepared for your reception. Oh, how you will enjoy yourself, you who know nothing about cities; how you will stare at the shop windows, and then think of having money enough to buy pretty dresses, and eat bon-bons all day long. There are

his side, as soon as he saw her, ran forward.

"I have been looking for you, little one."

"Is—" but she could say no more.

"Is Monsieur le Vicomte here?"

"No; but he has sent me here on purpose to speak to you."

"Why could he not come?" she said, beginning to feel once more very desolate.

"Why, because—because he was kept at Toulouse;" and Jules looked very knowing indeed.

"Then it is true that he is going to be married?"

She said this so calmly that Jules was deceived. "She takes it better than I expected," he said to himself; then aloud he said: "Well, you see, he could not very well help himself. The letters of '*faire part*' are out for next Saturday; but that does not

prevent him from being very fond of you. The proof is, that he has sent me to arrange things for you. You will know that I am telling the absolute truth when you see this:" and he showed her the seal. Mila looked at it, and shuddered; the "great snake," with its red eyes, seemed to glare at her, that snake that she had warmed in her bosom.

"My master," continued Jules volubly—he was not a little proud of being entrusted with the private affairs of the Vicomte—"my master sends you word that you are to keep yourself in readiness to start with me this evening. I will take you to Paris, where everything is prepared for your reception. Oh, how you will enjoy yourself, you who know nothing about cities; how you will stare at the shop windows, and then think of having money enough to buy pretty dresses, and eat bon-bons all day long. There are

many peasant girls who would like to be in your place. But Mila scarcely seemed to hear him.

“Is the lady he is going to marry beautiful?”

“Not a bit! But then she is rich!” And once more Jules looked knowing, then becoming serious again, he added, “You are to meet me at the first large cross past the village. We will walk on for half a league, when we will find a carriage waiting for us. You see you are to be treated like a lady; I shall expect you at nine o’clock; that is about the time your ogress goes to bed, is it not? Now I will leave you; we must not be seen together; my master must not be compromised. At nine o’clock—you understand?”

“Yes, I understand!”

“And you will be sure to be there?”

“Oh yes; of course!” She said this me-

chanically. But Jules did not notice this, and went away whistling, feeling that he had performed his duty well.

Mila sat down on a large stone by the roadside, and rested her head on her hand. He was going to be married; he had lied to her; he had cruelly deserted her. Then the wonder as to what Paris might be like came upon her. Jules had promised her an easy, brilliant life there. He said Albert still loved her. Then, all there was of womanhood in this girl rose in horror and indignation. No, she was very bad she knew; she had been infamously ungrateful to Aimée, but she had not fallen so low as to accept the favours of a man who had vowed to love her always, and who now was on the point of marrying another—she was glad at any rate that his bride was ugly.

Presently she got up, took her bundle from its hiding-place, and then wearily took the way

which led to the mountains. She walked on and on, feeling very tired, very much as though it would be easier to lie down and die than make a struggle for life. Still the Gorge du Crépuscule, where she soon found herself, was as beautiful as when Aimée explored it for the first time. To Mila, however, mountain torrents, high shelving rocks, tinged with golden sunlight, were things too common to be noticed. At last, when she reached the natural resting-place where Aimée had sat sketching, a place sheltered and safe, the poor tired girl threw herself on the moss-covered ground and determined to rest. She would stay here an hour or two and then go on in the cool of the night, so as to get quite out of the reach of Jean's anger, should he follow her. This fear of Jean ran through all her thoughts, but as he was not to get home till late, for some hours at least,

she was quite safe. She was glad to rest. Crouching under the shadow of the rock which shut in one side of the nook, she let the tears run down her poor wan face. Then gradually the teachings of Jeanne and the good curé—teachings scarcely listened to at the time—came back to her and made her understand something of the wrong she had done. She was sorry, sorry especially for the harm done to Aimée, but it was too late; she could not undo it.

So this same spot had witnessed the first real awakening of two girl natures. One civilized, cultivated, with the knowledge of all esthetic differences, the other wild and utterly ignorant, who had done wrong, scarcely knowing that it was wrong, and who was bearing the earthly penalty of her fault with the dim, frightening sense that this suffering was but the beginning of eternal misery.



Mila tried to remember the forms of prayer which had with much difficulty been taught her, but she could not. She tried also to form an image of what the "Bon Dieu" might be like, but here again she failed. Finally her disturbed mind grew calmer, and she seemed distinctly to see the interior of the village church, and hear the hum of voices as the worshippers answered the prayers, begun by the priest, kneeling at the altar. She seemed to see herself there, among the other village girls; she remembered how often she had spent the hushed mass time in thinking of Albert. What rose most vividly before her mind was a side chapel, at which in her wildest days she had liked to look. There was in the niche, painted sky blue, a statue of the Blessed Virgin carrying the Infant Jesus; and, now that her mind tried in vain to grasp the idea of God, she remembered, this statue,

and remembered also what had been told her about this Child. She thought that if He would but hear her, her terror would be appeased. She raised herself from the crouching position and kneeling joined her hands, and, still finding the words of the prayers impossible to be remembered, said very simply,

“Dear Madone, tell the little Jesus that I am very sorry. I will never, never listen to a fine gentleman again, and I—” here Mila hesitated as to what other good resolution she should make, then suddenly she said, “and I will never steal fruit again. Please tell all this to the little Jesus, and beg Him to forgive me.”

Mila, comforted, now determined to sleep a little before continuing her journey. She chose the softest bit of turf quite near the edge of the precipice. She was too much of a mountain girl to fear precipices or torrents.

his side, as soon as he saw her, ran forward.

"I have been looking for you, little one."

"Is—" but she could say no more.

"Is Monsieur le Vicomte here?"

"No; but he has sent me here on purpose to speak to you."

"Why could he not come?" she said, beginning to feel once more very desolate.

"Why, because—because he was kept at Toulouse;" and Jules looked very knowing indeed.

"Then it is true that he is going to be married?"

She said this so calmly that Jules was deceived. "She takes it better than I expected," he said to himself; then aloud he said: "Well, you see, he could not very well help himself. The letters of '*faire part*' are out for next Saturday; but that does not

prevent him from being very fond of you. The proof is, that he has sent me to arrange things for you. You will know that I am telling the absolute truth when you see this:" and he showed her the seal. Mila looked at it, and shuddered; the "great snake," with its red eyes, seemed to glare at her, that snake that she had warmed in her bosom.

"My master," continued Jules volubly—he was not a little proud of being entrusted with the private affairs of the Vicomte—"my master sends you word that you are to keep yourself in readiness to start with me this evening. I will take you to Paris, where everything is prepared for your reception. Oh, how you will enjoy yourself, you who know nothing about cities; how you will stare at the shop windows, and then think of having money enough to buy pretty dresses, and eat bon-bons all day long. There are

Jean's eye, and his fury woke into sudden life. He uttered a deep oath, which disturbed the intense quiet of the place, and startled Mila from her sleep. She jumped up, then seeing Jean with his finger clutching savagely at the lock of his gun, she uttered a piercing, terrified scream, and forgetting everything but her terror, sprang backwards. Her foot slipped, and while the scream was still echoing along the mountain path she fell, disappearing over the brink of the precipice, and the dull sound of her fall mingled with the roaring of the torrent. Jean, terror-stricken, listened for another scream, but there was no other sound. He threw down his gun, and in an instant had swung himself over the edge. He reached the bottom in safety. Mila lay by the side of the water-course as motionless as when he had found her asleep. He lifted her tenderly now, as though five minutes be-

fore he had not been wishing for her death. He called her gently, by her name, kissing the lips which were still warm and seemed as though they must open to speak to him. She scarcely seemed hurt at all. There was no sign of broken bones, no disfigurement whatever; only as his eyes grew more accustomed to the doubtful light, he saw that her right temple was bruised and the skin broken. He picked up a sharp fragment of rock, and saw that its knife-like edge was slightly tinged with red. His revenge was accomplished. Mila was dead.

He sat down and placed her gently on his knees, stroking her hands, softly speaking to her, assuring her of his forgiveness, kissing her closed eyes, her soft cheeks; begging her to wake, for they were to be married, and would be happy in spite of everything. What did he care for what the world might say?

Then when he felt her grow rigid under his caresses, when gradually all warmth left her face, when he could no longer deceive himself, he stopped his chafing of the dead hands, and bowing his head over her he sobbed aloud. It was dreadful, agonized sobbing—the cry of despair, the cry of a man who has outlived his life.

All night he held her close to him; then, when the first morning light stole along the gorge, he dug a grave, and gently laid her down to her last sleep.

It was still early when he reached the inn. No one but his mother knew that he had followed the runaway. She met him on the threshold, and cried out in terror when she saw his face.

“Let me go; I am tired; I must sleep and get back my strength; my work is not done yet.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

### BACK AGAIN.

MONREPOS was very quiet during these hazy August days. Most of Madame Fréval's guests had left her; besides the party from the château, Franz Weiler alone remained. He had been very ill immediately after the ball, and was now being cared for in his convalescence as though he were the cherished son of the house.

On learning Jeanne's sudden resolution, M. de Pierrefonds immediately left his cousin's house. That he should meet with a refusal he had never seriously contemplated; the



advantages he offered were not such as a penniless girl could, according to him, decline. When he had read her letter he said in a somewhat unsteady voice :—

“Keep my secret, I beg of you, cousin.” Then dolefully enough he took his leave. He did not this time boast of his narrow escape from matrimonial bonds.

Ernestine spent half her time at home, whither she had obtained permission to return, half her time near her brother, whose injuries were somewhat slow in healing, and who, perhaps, would have preferred being left entirely to another’s nursing. To him and Aimée this was a blessedly peaceful time, marred only by the anxiety about Jeanne and Jeanne’s poor little patients. This anxiety, however, was soon greatly allayed. After the first week there were no fatal cases, the disease took a milder form, and, thanks to

indefatigable nursing, health seemed in a fair way of being speedily re-established.

One day Ernestine bustled into the drawing-room, where Paul lay stretched on a sofa, Aimée by his side, and Franz Weiler, very pale and weak, trying his fingers once more on his beloved piano.

"What is it?" asked Paul, seeing something unusual in his sister's face.

"We are all definitively to return to Les Tourelles. There can be no further danger of contagion, and my father is lonely."

"It is not that which disturbs you, Ernestine," said her brother.

"No, for that is but natural and right. But—ah! Aimée, it all comes from injudicious indulgence, from taking people out of the sphere appointed for them by God. Oh! dear, but it is very sad."

"What is the matter? has anything hap-

pened to Mila?" exclaimed Aimée, feeling sudden compunction for the late neglect of her quondam favourite.

"Happened?—yes, indeed; they say all sorts of things about her. It seems she went wrong, poor thing, and Mère Bardeaux drove her from the house. Some say she has gone off to Paris, or some other great city, and others pretend that she went into the mountains. It is all very strange and mysterious."

"My poor little Mila!" and Aimée's tears showed how deeply she was moved.

Paul was silent, but a suspicion was forming itself in his mind, which brought a heavy frown to his brow. Presently he said, "And Jean?"

"Jean goes about much as usual. Those low people have no very great depth of feeling, you know," complacently answered Ernestine,

quite believing her own words. "Only when our Pierre ventured to say something about the girl, Jean stretched him on the ground with a blow. A brutal set they are. At any rate, none of the other fellows venture to follow Pierre's example. They leave him alone. I fancy that it is to keep out of the village that he is mending our roof for us. You know he promised to do it long ago. I do not think he works very much, perhaps, for when I look up I often see him crouching up there with his head in his hands. You see, if he were to go to sleep up there, he might easily fall off. Yesterday I told him so, but he did not seem to understand me; he only stared, and then turned away without a word. Yet, surely, we have troubles enough at this time without having a man's death added to them. A dreadful sort of death it would be too, what with the illness, the turning of the

château topsy-turvy, and Jeanne's new-fangled notions!"

"What new-fangled notions?" asked Paul.

"Oh! the child's always at one extreme or the other. Not long ago one would have fancied her as fond of the vanities of this world as though she had been brought up in their midst—more so, perhaps—and now nothing will satisfy her but a life of hardships. She must be a Sister of Charity, nothing more or less, as though she could not pray and become a saint in a comfortable way at home, instead of going off to battle-fields or fever hospitals. She's not strong enough for any such thing; she's half ill now, though her eyes are so bright and she looks so pretty. She is almost my child is Jeanne, and I can't let her go; indeed I can't. What would the old place be like without her?" Poor Ernestine, with her flow of words and her

disconnected thoughts, was very sincerely affected; the others were silent, thinking deeply of all the changes which a few weeks had brought about.

When the heat of the day had abated, Madame Fréval bade "God speed" to her departing guests. It was a sad leave-taking, though the separation would not be for long; but Aimée and Paul looked back with a tender regret to the place of their peaceful, happy courtship; Franz Weiler caught the look as the lovers' eyes met, and turned away; then impulsively he went up to Aimée and said,—

"Let me kiss your hand once more, for the last time."

Aimée, blushing slightly, gave him her hand to kiss, and then jumped into the carriage.

Madame Fréval and Franz stood looking after the carriage silently; then Madame

Fréval took her young friend's hand, and looked at him with tender pity.

"Madame," he said, with a smile which he meant to be reassuring, "I am not to be pitied. It is not an unhappy love. It is like the rich glow at sunset; it makes the dying day very beautiful."

The only one whose spirits did not desert him was little Henri. He was delighted at any prospect of change. Then to see his grandfather once more would be a real delight to him. He would have loads of things to tell about worms and spiders, things which André, the old gardener, had taught him. This passion for natural history sometimes led Henri into scrapes. He would gravely bring a curious-looking snail, or such-like delectable creature, into the midst of fine company, and when he discovered that ladies took to screaming on such occasions

his ardour redoubled. Julia Saunders had been for some time his chosen victim.

When they were within a short distance of the château, Aimée uttered an exclamation and insisted on being let out. She had seen Jeanne, and would walk home with her. The meeting between the two friends was very affectionate; then, after the first excitement was over, Aimée looked at Jeanne critically.

“How you have changed!” and this was true. The troubled, far-away look, which had so often been noticeable in Jeanne, was gone. Her eyes were singularly bright, and there was a firm look about the mouth. She was very pale, and had grown thin.

“I am happy—so happy. I seem to know for the first time in my life what God wants me to do. Ah! Aimée, there are so many tears in this world to be wiped away—so much suffering to be lightened by sympathy.



Why did I not understand this before? Why have I wasted so many years of my life?"

"But your father—your sister?"

"They do not need me. Besides, God has called me. I heard His voice; I dare not disobey."

For some time the two girls remained silent; then Jeanne said gently, quite unconsciously assuming that little air of superiority, which those who choose for themselves, what they consider a higher vocation than marriage, all feel towards their weaker sisters,—

"And so, dear, we are to be more than friends. They tell me you are, after all, to marry Paul. I do not understand it all; but I am very glad, notwithstanding."

Then Aimée told the whole story, well pleased to have such a listener. Suddenly she interrupted herself.

“ You are not well, my Jeanne ! ”

“ Yes, quite well, only I have a little teasing pain in my side ; but it is nothing—it comes and goes. Go on ; I want to hear more.”

Once more the marquis stood at his door to receive Aimée ; but he seemed much older, much less majestic than two months before.

“ It is as my daughter that you come to me this time, my dear.”

## CHAPTER XV.

### JEAN'S REVENGE.

THAT Aimée should in reality be about to become his daughter-in-law by no means afforded the marquis that satisfaction which he had anticipated. It was not in obedience to him that the marriage was to take place. The world was slipping from him; he was but an old man now, and his will was of but little moment, even in his family. What had, perhaps, most contributed to the state of depression in which he found himself was the conviction that, in the affair of Madame de Banville's requirements, he had acted against

all his avowed principles. The eldest son was no longer, in very deed, the eldest son, and the fitness of things had been turned upside down. All this made him irritable; he demanded from his son more attention than he had ever been known to do; required his company in his walks about the place, his aid in making out his accounts—all this, not because Paul's company was particularly agreeable to him, but because he wished to make his authority felt in small things, now that he was no longer sure that it would be regarded in important matters. This state of nervous irritability did not tend to make the household particularly cheerful. Henri came in for more than his usual share of scolding, and Aimée felt very much deserted, and greatly regretted Monrepos.

The day after their return Paul was called away by his father, just as the two lovers had

settled down for a cosy talk. Jeanne had gone to the village, and so Aimée was left to her own resources. She wandered here and there, and finally found her way upstairs. This dreary place had a sort of fascination for her, much such a fascination as children feel for tales of hobgoblins. She stood in one of the openings that had been windows, and looked out dreamily. She thought of many things, of her first visit to this place with Jeanne, of all that had happened since then. She asked herself whether she was really the same girl who had vowed such passionate hatred to Paul—her Paul! how she loved him, and how earnestly she resolved to make life very sweet to him.

In the midst of her reveries she was aware of a disagreeable odour, which in some way awakened childish memories of an old farmhouse, where she had spent some months after

an illness. She saw quite plainly the farmer's wife as she lit the lamp before spreading the table for supper; it was a petroleum lamp, and those were days when petroleum was not particularly well purified. But all this was not very clear in Aimée's mind; she was in one of those reveries when one dreads any defined train of thought for fear of dispelling the delicious dreaminess. But both the dreaminess and the half-defined memories were put to flight by the sound of heavy footsteps. Aimée, startled, looked round, and saw Jean with a big can in his hand.

"I've been mending the roof," he said, as though to explain his presence there; "and as there are cracks and holes in this place too, I thought I'd make a good job of it while I was about it. I've filled up a good many already." He spoke in a hoarse, strange voice, and he was so gaunt and haggard-

looking that involuntarily Aimée shrank from him, frightened.

“You sleep in that part of the house,” he went on to say, pointing to where the girls’ rooms were situated; “and where does the Comte Paul sleep?”

“Just under here,” said Aimée, feeling compelled to answer.

“That’s what I thought,” and then he moved away. Aimée looked after him, and then, by a sudden impulse, she said,—

“What has become of Mila?”

He turned upon her furiously, savagely, as he always did when Mila’s name was pronounced before him. Aimée grêw faint with fear. He was mad—of that she felt convinced—and she was entirely in his power; but he almost instantly became quiet, and said,—

“You were good to her—I remember that

now; but she will never need your money nor the pretty clothes you were making for her. She's dead!"

"Dead! and it was you who killed her!" Horror made Aimée bold.

"No, I did not kill her. I meant to do it, but I am glad I did not. I buried her where she lay. It was not a hard task; the earth under the stones of the torrent's bed was loose. I made the grave quite deep, because you know in spring the water dashes over that part, and I should not like her poor body to be exposed. I put her bundle under her head, so that she might lie comfortably. I crossed her hands on her bosom, and then I covered her up well with the earth. I put the stones and dry leaves over the grave, so that no one should find it."

He had said all this mechanically, in a hard, dull voice; then, without waiting for



any reply, he turned away ; but, as though a thought had suddenly struck him, he came back quickly, and said,—

“Go back to Monrepos. It will be better for you than staying here ; go back at once.” Then he disappeared.

Aimée was terribly frightened. She would tell Paul that it was not safe to have a madman about the place. Then pitying thoughts of Mila came to her, and she cried silently over the hapless girl’s tragic fate. It happened that Paul had things to tell her when he came back from his walk with his father, that put all thoughts of Jean out of her head until it was already too late to take any decisive steps in the matter that day. The marquis wished to have the marriage take place as soon as possible, and for once father and son quite agreed. Aimée trembled a little, but finally she consented, and then

immediately all preparations were discussed in the family. Albert and his wife were expected the next morning, and it should be during their stay at the château.

After this important decision had been taken, things began to go more smoothly in the marquis's family. The meals heretofore had been solemn and terrible occasions ; but, as that day they all sat down to dinner, the marquis actually smiled as he helped his future daughter-in-law. But the calm was not destined to last.

"Where is Henri?" asked his grandfather: being late at meals was an offence for which the child had often been punished.

"Here I am!" exclaimed the boy, rushing in, hot and flushed. He was holding something in a piece of paper, something which evidently excited him to an unusual degree.

"He's such a splendid fellow," he continued, breathlessly, "with yellow spots on his back. I never caught such a one at Monrepos. Look!" and he opened his paper. As ill-luck would have it, the immense spider fell from its prison exactly in the glass of wine the marquis had that moment poured out for himself. Muttering an oath, the irritable old gentleman threw glass and all with violence out of the window. Then Henri, furious at being deprived of his splendid specimen, flew into one of his rare, ungovernable fits of passion. He vowed he hated his grandfather, that he hated everybody, and that he wished he might die. The marquis, pale with anger, watched the boy as he stormed up and down.

"Take Monsieur Henri to the big chamber upstairs," he said to the servant; "put some bread and water in the room, then lock

the door, he shall sleep there, and perhaps to-morrow he will have learnt to control himself."

"No! no! no!" cried out Henri passionately; "not that, not that!" and he shrank trembling from the man; to him this room of the dreary upper story was the abode of evil spirits.

But the marquis was inflexible. The punishment was a cruel one, he knew it quite well, but he was not a man to retract an order once given.

The dinner ended in gloomy silence.

"Come with me," whispered Jeanne, when it was at last ended, and the two girls went stealthily up the big stair-case, and stopped at the locked door.

"Henri, it is I, Tante Jeanne."

There was a rush to the door.

"Oh, I am so afraid, so afraid, it is get-

ting dark, and I know that there are dead men in those long chests. Let me out, dear Tante Jeanne, pray let me out."

Jeanne talked to him soothingly, and then made him open the chests, which he did with immense difficulty. After this, when he was quieted, she told him stories until he grew drowsy. It was a hard task to persuade him to undress and get into the big bed, but finally she succeeded, and sang softly to him until the poor child's regular breathing told them that he was fast asleep.

"He will sleep without waking till morning," she said softly; but she waited yet some time, so that it was quite dark when they went down. Once more Aimée noticed the peculiar smell, and then she told Jeanne and Paul about the afternoon's adventure.

"To-morrow I mean to see to it," said Paul decidedly.

To-morrow! . . . .

The night was singularly still. The trees rose visible in the darkness, and all the leaves were motionless. . It was oppressively hot, so at least thought Paul, who could not sleep. His mind was restless; then also the air seemed to him heavy, and there was that same unpleasant smell which Aimée had noticed.

Paul wondered whether Jean suspected Albert of having been Mila's lover; wondered whether he kept about the place in the hope of obtaining vengeance on him, for Albert's expected return was known to the servants and villagers.

Decidedly, sleep with such thoughts as these weighing on him was impossible. He would leave the stifling room and seek for quiet outside. He left the house noiselessly. Gradually the influence of the great quiet

made itself felt. He sat down on the fallen tree which had often served them all as a bench, and before long felt the drowsiness for which he had waited in vain in his own room, stealing over him. "I had better go in," he said to himself several times; but he lacked the energy to do so. His thoughts became confused; he was between sleeping and waking, when he became conscious that the darkness was broken in upon—could it be daylight already? The silence was broken too. Noises like explosions, quickly following one upon the other, brought vaguely back to his mind feast-days at Naples, which are celebrated by crackers, wheels, and other fireworks. This was a dream probably, he thought, for he was in that curious stage of sleep when we are ourselves aware that we are dreaming. Just at that moment something brushed rapidly past him. He started

up, and his pulses for a moment stopped beating; then he uttered a great cry. The château was blazing. This was no mere fire resulting from some imprudence; no gradual burning of wood-work; it was an explosive blaze which had burst out suddenly without warning, and which in a few minutes had enveloped the whole roof and a part of the main building. In the midst of his bewilderment, he saw that his own room was full of fire. How to save all the sleeping inmates? He rushed to the front part of the house which was as yet untouched, and by good fortune found poor trembling Pierre, who, in his night-shirt, was opening the door.

“Save my father, and rouse the servants!”

Paul called out.

There was noise enough now. The startled cries of the suddenly-awakened sleepers, the roaring of the flames, the crackling of the old



timbers, the falling of rafters. The rapidity with which the flames flew on their way was frightful. Fortunately the heavy stone wall of the lower part of the building would withstand any heat; but the roof, all that upper part half burnt already, the blackened waste of the upper story, all that was food for the fire, which roared and crackled and threw its great flags of red flame high up into the quiet air.

“Aimée! Aimée! Jeanne!” called out Paul, as he hurried to the little staircase.

Ernestine, who was a light sleeper, rushed at him, too terrified for speech.

“Save yourself,” he cried; “I will save the others.”

Just then Ernestine recovered her presence of mind, for a sad procession, made visible by the red light of the fire, met her. It was her father carried by the two men-servants, and

followed by the cook and the housemaid. Ernestine only saw her father, and she knew that henceforth her place would be by his side, not as counsellor and help, but as nurse and constant attendant. The shock had been too great for the old man. He had been wakened by the first out-bursting of the fire. He had understood it—understood that all his scheming, all his dear and cherished plans for the re-establishing of his old house were vain. He had been found struck down by an attack of partial paralysis, an attack which would in all probability not take his life, but which left him helpless and with enfeebled mind. Ernestine was a very ordinary woman, but on this occasion she proved that the heart can at times take the place of superior intelligence. She gave directions to have her father carried to one of the out-houses, the farthest from the scene of disaster, and walked

by his side, holding his hand and soothing him, as she might have done a child. He seemed to hear her, perhaps even to understand her words. And so it was that the marquis left the house of his forefathers.

Bewildered, frightened, scarcely knowing what to do or where to turn, Jeanne and Aimée hastily put on what clothes they could find, and then were almost carried out by Paul. They had scarcely realized what had happened before they both stood safely on the grass-plot before the burning house. Then, suddenly, a cry arose; it was from Jeanne, who cried out, "The child!" and in an instant she had left the safe resting-place where her brother had placed her. Paul had gone to see that his father was safe. He had just reached the stricken old man, when that piercing cry, "The child!" reached him; it reached the dulled senses of the helpless,

paralyzed man too, for a new convulsion passed over his drawn face. Ernestine with her one idea of soothing him, assured him that Henri was safe, that she herself had seen him carried out. She lied bravely even while her heart bled, and she grew sick with fear. Who shall say that there was no heroism in her lie, and greater heroism still in the fond nonsense with which she soothed her father's uneasiness?

"What has she done?" exclaimed Paul, as pale and heart-sick he hastened to Aimée and found her alone, and on her knees.

"She has gone to save him," answered Aimée.

"To save him!"

It was all he could say; only he pointed to the blazing buildings. The great staircase must now be one sheet of flames, the room where the child slept was indeed still un-

touched—but how to get to it? He was on the point of rushing toward the furnace, when Aimée took his hand, and pointed upward. At first he did not understand; he rubbed his eyes, hardly able to believe their evidence. At the window of the upper room—a large window as it happened to be, with a stone ledge to it—he saw Jeanne holding the boy, evidently just awake, by the hand. At that instant, the flames, some time restrained by the massive walls and doors of the lower part of the house, now burst with great volumes of smoke from every window.

“Ah!” exclaimed Aimée, pale with fear, “our little staircase must be burning.”

There were several persons standing about now, servants who had left their master, and a few labourers roused from their sleep. They too had seen Jeanne at the window, and seeing her they had cried,

"A miracle!" and some had fallen on their knees.

"Ladders! Are there no ladders to be found?" cried Paul, half beside himself.

With some difficulty, a ladder was found; but it was too short. Then, at last, another; and some strong cord to fasten them together. But it took time, and the flames gained ground. It was noticeable that the part of the roof above the chest-room still held out. It burnt, but it burnt naturally, not with the explosive violence of the rest of the place. Aimée, in the midst of her agony of fear, noticed this; and she remembered that Jean had asked her where she slept.

Once more Jeanne was seen at the window. She now stood on the outer ledge, and was seen to fasten with great care sheets and strips of her play finery together. It was singular to observe in the midst of this

frightful danger, how calm Jeanne seemed, and how quick, yet controlled, were her movements. More than this, she appeared to have communicated her firmness and composure to the child by her side. When the last length of the twisted draperies had been firmly secured, she put her arms caressingly about Henri, and spoke to him earnestly. Then she made the sign of the cross over him, and kissed him twice. Henri was a capital gymnast for his age, but now in the midst of this horrible excitement would he have presence of mind for the descent? Paul looked about him in despair; the two ladders had at that moment been found. A man shouted from a distance that he had found a cord, but each moment was precious. Henri had already lowered himself. Jeanne watched him, praying. The glow of the fierce flames illumined her beautiful face,

more beautiful than ever in her entire self-forgetfulness; her own danger did not seem even to strike her; she knelt there like a statue, praying. The little fellow slid down bravely. Once he stopped, he had grown dizzy; then a shout of encouragement rose to him from below, and some clear, gentle words came to him from above. He went bravely on, he was perhaps fifteen feet from the ground, when from a window, that of Jeanne's own room, a sudden flame came and wound itself snake-like about the stretched sheet. It took fire, and broke. Henri fell; but his uncle received him in his arms unhurt. Jeanne saw that the child was saved. She continued in her kneeling position; but now her head rested against the window-side.

"Jeanne! Jeanne!" called out Aimée despairingly; but Jeanne never moved.



"Here's the ladder at last!" exclaimed a man.

"Thank God!" said Paul, as he placed his little nephew by Aimée; then in an instant he was running up the ladder.

"Jeanne! Jeanne!" he called out; "you are saved!"

Yes, he was right; Jeanne was saved—saved from all earthly care, all earthly sorrow or unanswered craving—saved for all eternity! He groaned aloud; he knew that she was dead—that the heart disease, so long threatening, had done its work.

In after-days, Paul asked himself how he had found strength to lift his sister from her crouching position, and bear the dead weight down the creaking ladder. There were flames all round about him—flames which licked the ladder, and would have snapt it in a few moments more—flames which burned his hair

and scorched his hands, but which never touched his lifeless burden. He got down at last, and laid Jeanne down on the soft grass, away from the fierce heat of the burning château.

Aimée cried gently over her friend. It was not an occasion for demonstrative grief; the beautiful repose of the calm, dead face, forbade it. She was left alone with her dear charge, for Paul went to carry the news to the others, and also to show Henri to his grandfather.

Two men saw the burning château from afar. One stood on a high, bald rock, on the mountain side. Mad joy was in this man as he said to himself, "It is my work!" He did not leave his post until the red glow subsided, then he turned his back on the valley, never to return to it.

And there was yet another man who from

a distance saw the burning château. It was in the fair early morning, and this man sat in a travelling carriage, a young wife by his side. Albert was bringing his bride home. He was not a happy bridegroom; marriage, even in those early days, was a wearisome burden to him. At a turning in the road he leaned out of the carriage, to show "Les Tourelles" to Agatha, who was curious to see her future dwelling. He uttered a cry of horror. He had seen the red glow in the sweet morning sky, he knew that he had no home left—no old home which it had been his pride to think that he should reinstate in its former grandeur. All his calculations had proved to be false—all his well-built plans were swept away, as a cobweb is swept from the ceiling.

"My God! what is all this?" exclaimed Albert, as at last he stood by his brother. Paul told it all very quietly; Aimée had made

many things clear to him which had been obscure before; and so he told the sad story from beginning to end. At last Albert said, "Who did this?"

"Can you not guess? Jean, to revenge Mila."

"Ah!" It was a low cry, but it meant much; then he added, "Where is she?"

"She is dead!"

\* \* \* \* \*

There is but little to add. The houseless family found a refuge at Monrepos until Albert took a house not very far off, where he and his wife settled down, and where the poor paralyzed old man went also, and was most tenderly nursed by his daughter. Whatever Albert might be to others, he was always gentle to those two. Meanwhile, he began to rebuild Les Tourelles. He soon found that to have a mother-in-law only a few years older

than oneself is but a questionable advantage. Madame de Banville, whose recklessness in money-matters he had already had occasion to notice during his days of courtship, grew every year more extravagant ; and when he remonstrated with her upon the subject, she answered with one of her child-like smiles, "Oh, it will last my time !" unconsciously repeating Louis XV.'s magnanimous sentiment. Albert had no power to control her, but he grew savagely bitter. His wife's fortune was greatly diminished by the building expenses, and instead of taking a brilliant position in Paris society, he was forced to live in obscurity at Les Tourelles. This suited neither him nor the young vicomtesse.

Paul and Aimée were married quietly from Madame Fréval's hospitable house. The wedding was simple and solemn, as a wedding should be—saddened by the misfortunes

of those about them, but very sweet notwithstanding. Paul kept his promise to Aimée, took her to America, and proved that an idle man with artistic tastes can, on occasion, show himself full of energy and perseverance; but when his sister-in-law urged him to be naturalized he shook his head, saying that he was a Frenchman to the heart's core, and that he should know how to prove it if ever his country had need of him.

"And your son?" asked Mistress Edith, dandling that important member of society.

"My son shall choose for himself one of these days."

When the time really did come for Paul to prove himself French, the parting between him and his young wife was heartrending; but he found courage to leave her, and to fight his country's battles. Aimée trembled and would not be comforted; but at last the

wanderer returned, saddened and more stern-looking, for he had suffered much ; but the stern look relaxed when Aimée showed him a little daughter, born soon after his departure, and whose name was Jeanne.

THE END.

Crown Buildings, 188, Fleet Street,  
London, October, 1874.

**SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO.'S**  
NEW BOOKS FOR THE  
SEASON, 1874-5.



**BIDA'S FOUR GOSPELS, WITH THE WHOLE OF THE ORIGINAL ETCHINGS.**

*As promised last year, the Publishers beg to announce*

**THE GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW,**

CONTAINING FORTY-ONE ETCHINGS.

*Price to Purchasers of the FOUR VOLUMES, when published, £3 3s., and also to Non-Subscribers until the 1st of February next; after which date the price of this Volume, in consequence of the extra number of Engravings, will be raised to £4 4s.*

*\*\* THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN, containing 27 Etchings, price £3 3s., can also now be had.*

*Now Ready, in One Volume atlas quarto, handsomely bound in cloth extra, gilt edges, £3 13s. 6d.*

**MASTERPIECES OF THE  
PITTI PALACE,**

AND OTHER PICTURE GALLERIES OF FLORENCE,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ARTISTS AND THEIR PAINTINGS.



TO those who have had the good fortune to visit the Picture Galleries of Florence, it is unnecessary to speak of the glories of painting that hang on those wonderful walls. They have, for many centuries, attracted the homage of all men possessing a knowledge of art, and among the thousands who have annually crowded those galleries, there must be many to whom this volume will be very welcome; first, as a memento of the pleasure they experienced while looking at the triumphs of the great painters of Italy; and secondly, as the most perfect record which can be obtained of these celebrated works.

The twenty pictures now presented were photographed direct from the Original Paintings, by the well-known artists, Alinari Brothers of Florence, expressly for this work. The impressions are untouched, showing, it is true, the blemishes which time has made, but rendering faithfully the beauty and charm of the originals in every particular save colour.

*In One Volume, Royal 8vo., cloth extra, numerous Woodcuts, Maps, and Chromolithographs, 35s.*

**THE SECOND NORTH GERMAN POLAR EX-  
PEDITION IN THE YEAR 1869-70**

Of the Ships "Germania" and "Hansa," under command of  
Captain Koldewey,

Edited and condensed by H. W. BATES, ESQ., of the Royal Geographical Society, and translated by LOUIS MERCIER, M.A. (Oxon.)

The narrative portion of this important work is full of interest and extraordinary adventure in the ice-fields; and, in addition to much matter of great scientific value, gives a graphic account of the hardships and sufferings of the crew of the "Hansa" after the crushing of that ship in the ice.



*This Collection of Reproductions from Choice and Rare proofs represents, in perfect facsimile, Engravings, the aggregate value of which is certainly not less than Twelve Hundred Guineas.  
Imperial folio, cloth extra, price £3 13s. 6d.*

## OLD MASTERS.

DA VINCI, BARTOLOMEO, MICHAEL ANGELO, ROMAGNA,  
DEL SARTO, CORREGGIO, PARMIGIANO, CARACCI,  
GUIDO, DOMENICHINO, GUERCINO, BAROCCIO,  
VOLTERRA, ALLORI, MARATTI, AND  
CARLO DOLCI.

REPRODUCED IN PHOTOGRAPHY FROM THE CELEBRATED ENGRAVINGS BY  
LONGHI, ANDERLONI, GARAVAGLIA, TOSCHI, AND RAIMONDI, IN  
THE COLLECTION OF PRINTS AND DRAWINGS IN THE  
BRITISH MUSEUM, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

BY STEPHEN THOMPSON.

## FLEMISH AND FRENCH PICTURES.

WITH NOTES CONCERNING THE PAINTERS AND THEIR  
WORKS BY F. G. STEPHENS,

AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH RELICS," "MEMOIRS OF SIR EDWIN LANDSEER," ETC.

Small 4to. cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt sides, back, and edges, 28s.

This Volume contains twenty Etchings by famous modern French engravers, taken from well-known pictures, most of which are in the private galleries of amateurs distinguished by their love of art.

The names of Rembrandt, Frank Hals, Watteau, and Greuze, of past time, and of Troyon, Baron Leys, Meissonier, and Madame Henriette Browne, of the present century, are household words in England; though it is seldom that on this side of the Channel we meet with good transcripts of their work. The exhibition of the magnificent collection of Sir Richard Wallace has done more than anything else to popularize the best French Art among us; and two annual exhibitions of French pictures in London—one of which has flourished for nearly twenty years—have familiarized Englishmen with the rich genius and diverse styles of modern celebrated French and Belgian painters. The older schools of the Low Countries are better known through their masterpieces in the National Gallery.

## THE PICTURE GALLERY.

CONTAINING THIRTY-EIGHT PERMANENT PHOTOGRAPHS  
AFTER THE WORKS OF THE MOST POPULAR ARTISTS.

The New Volume is now ready. Large 4to. cloth extra, gilt edges, 18s.

## WARBURTON'S JOURNEY ACROSS AUSTRALIA.

An Account of the Exploring Expedition sent out by Messrs. Elder and Hughes, under the command of Colonel Egerton Warburton; giving a full Account of his perilous Journey from the centre to Roebourne, Western Australia. With Illustrations and a Map. Edited, with an Introductory Chapter, by H. W. BATES, Esq., of the Royal Geographical Society.

[In the Press.]

---

NOTICE.—*Important Work on Assyrian Exploration, &c.*

**ASSYRIAN EXPLORATIONS AND  
DISCOVERIES.**

BY GEORGE SMITH (OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM).

One Vol. demy 8vo., Illustrated by Photographs and numerous Woodcut  
Illustrations of his recent Discoveries.

Mr. Smith, who was recently spoken of by Sir Henry Rawlinson as the greatest living authority on Assyrian antiquities and the ablest interpreter of cuneiform characters, gives an account in this volume of his recent journeys to the East, his excavations, and the important discoveries made by him. In addition to the details of these discoveries, his volume will be found interesting as a record of personal adventure.

*Demy 8vo., about 500 pages, with upwards of Sixty Woodcuts from the  
Author's own Photographs and Sketches, cloth extra, 21s.*

**THE STRAITS OF MALACCA, INDO-CHINA,  
AND CHINA;**

**OR, TEN YEARS' TRAVELS, ADVENTURES, AND RESIDENCE  
ABROAD.**

BY J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRATIONS OF  
CHINA AND ITS PEOPLE."

This work contains a narrative of the writer's personal experience and adventures in the Straits of Malacca, Siam, Cambodia, Cochin-China, and China, illustrated with over sixty wood engravings from the author's sketches and photographs.

*New Work by the Celebrated French Architect, VIOLET LE DUC.*

**HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE.**

BY VIOLET LE DUC, AUTHOR OF "THE DICTIONARY OF  
ARCHITECTURE," &c., &c.

One Volume, medium 8vo., cloth, gilt edges, numerous Illustrations, Plans,  
&c., 12s.

This little volume is written in the simplest language, and being in the form of a story will be found as amusing as it is instructive.

*Volumes I. and II., demy 8vo., price 21s. each.*

**A HISTORY OF MERCHANT SHIPPING AND  
ANCIENT COMMERCE.**

BY W. S. LINDSAY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

"Here is a work of true erudition and unquestionable value. The author has been engaged upon it for many years, pursuing the only legitimate method—that of arranging his authorities first, and then beginning to write with the whole subject in perspective before him. It is strange that a commercial country such as England should hitherto have possessed, in all its literature, no book of the kind—nothing, indeed, beyond fragments; though a huge library might be collected of voyages, travels, historical speculations and special treatises. . . . It need scarcely be observed that a thorough practical knowledge pervades the grand story thus told. . . . It is impossible, however, that justice should be done in such a brief and hasty notice to a book so far superior in every sense to a mere compilation."—*From review in THE STANDARD, Sept. 28, 1874.*

*Demy 8vo. numerous Illustrations, cloth extra.*

## **TURKISTAN.**

NOTES OF A JOURNEY IN THE RUSSIAN PROVINCES OF  
CENTRAL ASIA AND THE KHANATES OF  
BOKHARA AND KOKAND.

BY EUGENE SCHUYLER, SECRETARY OF AMERICAN LEGATION,  
ST. PETERSBURG.

## **A MANUAL OF PRECIOUS STONES AND ANTIQUÉ GEMS.**

BY HODDER M. WESTROPP, AUTHOR OF "THE TRAVELLER'S ART  
COMPANION," "PRE-HISTORIC PHASES," &c.

*Small post 8vo., numerous Illustrations, cloth extra, 6s.*

The Death of the Great Historian will not affect the Completion  
of this Important Work.

*\*.\* Volumes I. to III. are now ready, and it would be difficult to  
select any more useful or appropriate work  
for a Christmas Present.*

## **A POPULAR HISTORY OF FRANCE, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.**

By M. GUIZOT, Author of "The History of Civilization in  
Europe," &c.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. DE NEUVILLE.

TRANSLATED BY ROBERT BLACK, M.A.

Volumes I. to III., royal 8vo., cloth extra, each 24s., now ready.  
(Volume IV. is in progress.)

The *Times* says:—"M. Guizot possesses pre-eminently the historic faculty. For the past there are few guides so trustworthy, and none who interpret history more faithfully than the illustrious author of 'The History of Civilization.' He lifts the mind to heights of history. He unfolds it as a drama, which interests young and old. The careful study of such a work as Guizot's 'France' is an important element in culture and training. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of a history where facts are chosen to illustrate principles and enforce great truths; where there is a continuous protest in favour of liberty, whether political, intellectual, or religious, and where good and evil are not tampered with to suit party purposes, but the historian is as impartial and open to the reception of truth as he hopes to make the students who follow his pages. The work supplies a want which has long been felt, and it ought to be in the hands of all students of history. We cannot doubt that it will meet with the same favourable reception in England which has already attended its publication in France."

## **CRUSTS. A SETTLER'S FARE DUE SOUTH; OR, LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.**

BY LAURENCE J. KENNAWAY.

*Crown 8vo., Illustrations by the Author, cloth extra, 5s.*

**BRYANT'S POPULAR HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.  
A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE  
UNITED STATES.**

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, ASSISTED BY SYDNEY  
HOWARD GAY.

To be profusely Illustrated with numerous Engravings on Steel  
and Wood, after designs by the best artists.

Messrs. SAMPSON Low and Co. beg to announce that they have arranged with the American publishers for the simultaneous publication of a Popular History of the United States by William Cullen Bryant, assisted by Sydney Howard Gay. The work is to begin with the earliest authentic history of the Western Continent—though not ignoring the earlier mythical period—and to come down to the close of the first century of American Independence. It will occupy four or five volumes, and is to be profusely and largely illustrated from original designs.

The aim of the publishers and authors is to supply a want which has long been felt by the reading public, and is well understood by booksellers. Admirable histories of America, of the United States, of different portions of both, and of many distinguished men whose lives at one time or another have helped to make those histories, have been written, and are familiar to scholars. Some of them cover one period and some another; and some are more, some less, full and exhaustive. But a popular history, in the true sense of that term, one that shall be instructive through the sense of sight as well as through the labour of perusal; one which is sought for by that immense number of readers with whom literature is not a profession, but who choose to be well informed in the history of their own and other countries, however much their lives may be absorbed in other pursuits—a popular history of this sort, compendious and not appalling from its size, accurate without being tedious, and one that at the same time shall be attractive by its appeal to the love of the picturesque and the artistic, has as yet no existence. Such it is meant Bryant's "History" shall be, and the name of that distinguished author is an assurance of its success.

**LAOCOON;  
AN ESSAY UPON THE LIMITS OF PAINTING AND POETRY,  
WITH REMARKS ILLUSTRATIVE OF VARIOUS POINTS  
IN THE HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.**

By GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING.

A new translation by ELLEN FROTHINGHAM, crown 8vo., cloth extra, 5s.

*Crown 8vo., cloth extra, price 10s. 6d.*

**TE ROU; OR, THE MAORI AT HOME.**

A TALE. Exhibiting the Social Life, Manners, Habits, and Customs of  
the Maori Race in New Zealand prior to the introduction  
of civilization amongst them.

By JOHN WHITE, *Native Interpreter, Auckland; formerly Resident  
Magistrate at Wanganui, and Native Land Purchase Commissioner.*

*New Work by REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH.*

**THE SHADOWED HOME,  
AND THE LIGHT BEYOND.**

NOTICE.—*An entirely New Edition at a lower price.*

**PLUTARCH'S LIVES.**

An entirely new and Library Edition, Edited by A. H. CLOUGH, Esq.  
5 vols. 8vo., £2 10s.; half morocco, top gilt, £3.

## NOVEL BINDING.

*Printed in colours and enamelled, quite smooth, and free from finger-marks and adhesiveness.*

## THE ROSE LIBRARY.

POPULAR LITERATURE OF ALL COUNTRIES.



HIS Series has been commenced with the view of presenting to English readers *in the cheapest possible form*, works by the best writers in *English, American, French, and German* popular literature. The works chosen being intended for family reading, and for readers of all ages, it is almost needless to say that the greatest care will be taken in the selection, so that nothing shall be introduced which is not calculated to amuse innocently, to interest, and to instruct. Owing to the doubtful reputation which French literature has (in many instances quite deservedly) obtained in this country, it has become a fashion to exclude it wholly from the family library. In so doing, we hope to prove by our selection that many English readers have thus been shut out from a source of amusement and instruction quite as innocent and pure as is to be found in the literature of any country.

*One of the special features of this series, which, it is hoped, will commend itself to all readers, is its price, which will rarely exceed*

ONE SHILLING EACH VOLUME.

*Another special and attractive feature is that many of the volumes will contain*

NUMEROUS FULL-PAGE AND SMALLER ILLUSTRATIONS.

*The following Volumes are now ready.*

## I. SEAGULL ROCK.

By JULES SANDEAU, of the French Academy. Translated by Robert Black, M.A.

*\*.\* This little volume contains many of the Illustrations which are in the handsome Edition published two years ago.*

*"A story more fascinating, more replete with the most frolicsome fun, the most harrowing scenes of suspense, distress, and hair-breadth escapes from danger, was seldom before written, published, or read."*—*Athenaeum*.

*"It deserves to please the new nation of boys to whom it is presented."*—*Times*.

*"The very best French story for children we have ever seen."*—*Standard*.

*"A delightful treat."*—*Illustrated London News*.

*"Admirable, full of life, pathos, and fun. . . . It is a striking and attractive book."*—*Guardian*.

*N.B.—A few copies of the best Edition, printed on toned large paper and in large type, beautifully bound, 7s. 6d., still on hand.*

## II. LITTLE WOMEN.

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

---

**The Rose Library—continued.**

**III. LITTLE WOMEN WEDDED.**

(Forming a Sequel to the above.)

NOTICE.—The immense popularity which immediately followed the first introduction of this work (originally published as one consecutive story) by the present publishers, led other publishers to appropriate it, divide into *two* shilling volumes under titles quite unauthorized by the author, and then puff them off as a marvel of cheapness. The present volumes, and others which the present publishers propose to issue, will certainly compete with any such surreptitious issues, not only in quality, but in price. On this subject we beg to add a quotation from the *Spectator*:—

"We may be allowed to add that Messrs. Low's is the 'Author's edition.' We do not commonly make these announcements, but everyone is bound to defeat, as far as he can, the efforts of those enterprising persons who proclaim with much unction the sacred duty of *not* letting an American author get his proper share of profits."

**IV. THE HOUSE ON WHEELS;  
OR, FAR FROM HOME.**

By MADAME DE STOLZ.

With numerous very graphic Full-Page Illustrations.

**V. LITTLE MEN.**

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

**VI. THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.**

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

NOTICE.—These two volumes, being copyright, cannot be reproduced, as "Little Women," has been, by any other house. The public and the trade will therefore see the advantage of purchasing Miss Alcott's four volumes in one uniform series.

§ *New copyright work by the Author of "Arthur Bonnycastle."*

**VII. THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSE.**

By J. G. HCLLAND ("Timothy Titcomb"), Author of "Arthur Bonnycastle," &c. [This work is copyright.]

**VIII. TIMOTHY TITCOMB'S LETTERS TO  
YOUNG PEOPLE, SINGLE AND MARRIED.**

NOTICE.—The Volumes in this Series are also published in a more expensive form on fine toned paper, cloth extra, gilt edges, at 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d. each, according to size, &c.

---

*In Two Volumes, crown 8vo., cloth extra, 21s.*

**AN HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL ACCOUNT  
OF NEW SOUTH WALES.**

Fourth Edition, thoroughly revised, bringing the history and condition of the colony down to the year 1874, with an Account of the recent remarkable Mineral Discoveries of Gold, Copper, and Tin in its Territories.

By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D., A.M., *recently one of the Representatives of the City of Sydney, in the Parliament of New South Wales, &c.*

*New Work, uniform with the 7s. 6d. Edition of Verne's Works.*

**THE FANTASTIC HISTORY OF THE  
CELEBRATED PIERROT;**

Written by the Magician Alcofribas, and translated from the Sogdien by ALFRED ASSOLLANT, with upwards of One Hundred humorous Illustrations by YAN' D'ARGENT. Square crown 8vo., cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

"Terribly thrilling and absolutely harmless."—*Times*.

**JULES VERNE'S WONDERFUL BOOKS.**

"M. Verne exaggerates scientific possibilities into romance in a way so natural and charming that even sober men and women are fascinated by his extravagance."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"These tales are very popular in France, and as the love of the marvellous is no stronger in French than in English boys, they will, no doubt, be well appreciated by the latter, especially as they are full of pictures."—*Times*.

*Two new books by Jules Verne.*

**A FLOATING CITY AND THE BLOCKADE  
RUNNERS.**

Containing Fifty very fine Full-Page Illustrations. Square crown 8vo., cloth, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

**DR. OX'S EXPERIMENT; MASTER ZACHARIUS;  
A DRAMA IN THE AIR; A WINTER  
AMID THE ICE, &c.**

Numerous Full-Page Illustrations. Cloth, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

*See Alphabetical List for rest of Verne's Works.*

---

**NEW NOVELS.**

**HARRY HEATHCOTE OF GANGOIL.**

A Story of Bush Life in Australia. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. In one Volume, with graphic Illustrations, crown 8vo., cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

**THE VILLAGE SURGEON.**

A Fragment of Autobiography. By ARTHUR LOCKER, Author of "Sweet Seventeen," "Stephen Scudamore," "On a Coral Reef," &c. One Volume, crown 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.

**OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.**

By C. EVANS, Author of "A Strange Friendship." One Volume, crown 8vo., cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

**THE MASTERS OF CLAYTHORPE.**

By the Author of "Only Eve." Three Volumes, crown 8vo., cloth, 31s. 6d.

**OUT OF THE WORLD. A Novel.**

By MARY HEALY, Author of "Lake Villa," "A Summer's Romance," &c. Three Volumes, crown 8vo., cloth extra, 31s. 6d.

**A ROMANCE OF ACADIA TWO  
CENTURIES AGO.**

From a Sketch by the late CHARLES KNIGHT. In Three Volumes, crown 8vo., 31s. 6d.

*Crown Buildings, 188, Fleet Street,  
London, October, 1874.*

## A List of Books

PUBLISHING BY

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, LOW, & SEARLE.



### ALPHABETICAL LIST.



- ABBOTT (J. S. C.)** History of Frederick the Great, with numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*
- About in the World**, by the author of "The Gentle Life." Crown 8vo. bevelled cloth, 4th edition. 6*s.*
- Adamson (Rev. T. H.)** The Gospel according to St. Matthew, expounded. 8vo. 12*s.*
- Adventures of a Young Naturalist.** By LUCIEN BIART, with 117 beautiful Illustrations on Wood. Edited and adapted by PARKER GILLMORE. Post 8vo. cloth extra, gilt edges, new edition, 7*s.* 6*d.*
- Adventures of a Brownie.** See Craik, Mrs.
- Adventures on the Great Hunting Grounds of the World**, translated from the French of Victor Meunier, with engravings, 2nd edition. 5*s.*
- "The book for all boys in whom the love of travel and adventure is strong. They will find here plenty to amuse them and much to instruct them besides."—*Times*.
- Aikin-Kortright (Fanny.)** A Little Lower than the Angels. Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 3*s.* 6*d.*
- Alcott, (Louisa M.)** Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag. Square 16mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*
- **Cupid and Chow-Chow.** Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
- **Little Men: Life at Plumfield with Jo's Boys.** By the author of "Little Women." Small post 8vo. cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.* Cheap edition, cloth, 2*s.*; fancy boards, 1*s.* 6*d.*
- **Little Women.** Complete in 1 vol. fcap. 3*s.* 6*d.* Cheap edition, 2 vols. cloth, 2*s.*; boards, 1*s.* 6*d.* each.
- **Old Fashioned Girl**, best edition, small post 8vo. cloth extra, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*; Low's Copyright Series, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*



**Alcott, (Louisa M.) Work. A Story of Experience.** New Edition. In One volume, small post 8vo., cloth extra. 6s. Several Illustrations.

—— **Shawl Straps.** Small post 8vo. Cl. extra, gilt, 3s. 6d.

**Alexander (Sir James E.) Bush Fighting.** Illustrated by Remarkable Actions and Incidents of the Maori War. With a Map, Plans, and Woodcuts. 1 vol. demy 8vo. pp. 328, cloth extra, 16s.

**Alexander (W. D. S.) The Lonely Guiding Star.** A Legend of the Pyrenean Mountains and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo cloth. 5s.

**Amphlett (John.) Under a Tropical Sky: a Holiday Trip to the West Indies.** Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 7s. 6d.

**Andersen (Hans Christian) The Story of My Life.** 8vo. 10s. 6d.

—— **Fairy Tales, with Illustrations in Colours by E. V. B.** Royal 4to. cloth. 1l. 5s.

**Andrews (Dr.) Latin-English Lexicon.** 13th edition. Royal 8vo. pp. 1,670, cloth extra. Price 18s.

"The best Latin Dictionary, whether for the scholar or advanced student."—*Spectator*.

"Every page bears the impress of industry and care."—*Athenaeum*.

**Anecdotes of the Queen and Royal Family, collected and edited by J. G. HODGINS, with Illustrations.** New edition, revised by JOHN TIMBS. 5s.

**Angell (J. K.) A Treatise on the Law of Highways.** 8vo. Second Edition. 1l. 5s.

**Anglo-Scottish Year Book, The, for 1874.** By ROBERT KEMPT. A Handbook of the Patriotic Institutions, Learned and Special Societies, Clubs, &c., in London, connected with Scotland, number of Members, place and date of Meeting. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

**Arctic Regions (The).** Illustrated. See Bradford.

—— **German Polar Expedition.** See Koldewey.

—— **Explorations.** See Markham.


**Art, Pictorial and Industrial, Vol. 1, 1l. 11s. 6d. Vols. and 3, 18s. each.**

**Ashton (Frederick T.) The Theory and Practice of the Art of Designing Fancy Cotton and Woollen Cloths from Sample.** With fifty-two illustrations. Folio. 2l. 10s.

Atmosphere (The). *See* Flammarion.

Auerbach (Berthold). Waldfried. Translated from the German. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Australian Tales, by the "Old Boomerang." Post 8vo. 5s.

" " an Autobiography. By E. DYNE FENTON, Author of "Sorties from 'Gib' in Quest of Sensation and Sentiment," "Eve's Daughters," &c. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

BACK-LOG Studies. *See* Warner.

Backward Glances. Edited by the Author of "Episodes in an Obscure Life." Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 5s.

Baldwin (J. D.) Prehistoric Nations. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

— Ancient America, in notes of American Archæology. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Bancroft's History of America. Library edition, vols. I to 9, 8vo. 5l. 8s.

— History of America, Vol. X. (completing the Work.) 8vo. 12s. *[In the press.]*

Barber (E. C.) The Crack Shot. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Barnes's (Rev. A.) Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity in the 19th Century. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Barnum (P. T.) Struggles and Triumphs. Crown 8vo. Fancy boards. 2s. 6d.

Barrington (Hon. and Rev. L. J.) From Ur to Macpelah; the Story of Abraham. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

**THE BAYARD SERIES.** Comprising Pleasure Books of Literature produced in the Choicest Style as Companionable Volumes at Home and Abroad.

*Price 3s. 6d. each Volume, complete in itself, printed at the Chiswick Press, bound by Burn, flexible cloth extra, gilt leaves, with silk Headbands and Registers.*

The Story of the Chevalier Bayard. By M. DE BERVILLE.  
De Joinville's St. Louis, King of France.

**The Essays of Abraham Cowley, including all his Prose Works.**

**Abdallah ; or, the Four Leaves.** By EDOUARD LABOULLAYE.

**Table-Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte.**

**Vathek: An Oriental Romance.** By WILLIAM BECKFORD.

**The King and the Commons: a Selection of Cavalier and Puritan Song.** Edited by Prof. MORLEY.

**Words of Wellington: Maxims and Opinions of the Great Duke.**

**Dr. Johnson's Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.** With Notes.

**Hazlitt's Round Table.** With Biographical Introduction.

**The Religio Medici, Hydriotaphia, and the Letter to a Friend.** By Sir THOMAS BROWNE, Knt.

**Ballad Poetry of the Affections.** By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

**Coleridge's Christabel, and other Imaginative Poems.** With Preface by ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

**Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Sentences and Maxims.** With Introduction by the Editor, and Essay on Chesterfield by M. De Ste. Beuve, of the French Academy.

**Essays in Mosaic.** By THOS. BALLANTYNE.

**My Uncle Toby; his Story and his Friends.** Edited by P. FITZGERALD.

**Reflections; or, Moral Sentences and Maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld.**

**Socrates, Memoirs for English Readers from Xenophon's Memorabilia.** By EDW. LEVIEN.

**Prince Albert's Golden Precepts.**

*A suitable Case containing 12 volumes, price 31s. 6d.; or the Case separate, price 3s. 6d.*

*"We can hardly imagine a better book for boys to read or for men to ponder over."—Times.*

**Beecher (Henry Ward, D. D.) Life Thoughts.** 12mo. 2s. 6d.

—— **Sermons Selected.** 12mo. 8s. 6d.

—— **Norwood.** Crown 8vo. 6s.

—— **(Dr. Lyman) Life and Correspondence of.** 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s.

**Bees and Beekeeping.** By the Times' Beemaster. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. New Edition, with additions. 2s. 6d.

**Bell (Rev. C. D.) Faith in Earnest.** 18mo. 1s. 6d.

— **Blanche Neville.** Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

**Bellows (A. J.) The Philosophy of Eating.** Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

— **How not to be Sick, a Sequel to Philosophy of Eating.** Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**Better than Gold.** By Mrs. ARNOLD, Author of "His by Right," &c. In 3 volumes, crown 8vo., 31s. 6d.

**Benedict (F. L.) Miss Dorothy's Charge.** 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

**Biart (L.) Adventures of a Young Naturalist.** (See *Adventures.*)

**Bickersteth's Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer.**

*The following Editions are now ready:—*

		<i>s. d.</i>
No. 1. A	Small-type Edition, medium 32mo. cloth limp	0 6
No. 1. B	ditto roan limp, red edges ..	1 0
No. 1. C	ditto morocco limp, gilt edges ..	2 0
No. 2.	Second-size type, super-royal 32mo. cloth limp ..	1 0
No. 2. A	ditto roan limp, red edges ..	2 0
No. 2. B	ditto morocco limp, gilt edges ..	3 0
No. 3.	Large-type Edition, crown 8vo. cloth, red edges ..	2 6
No. 3. A	ditto roan limp, red edges ..	3 6
No. 3. B	ditto morocco limp, gilt edges ..	5 6
No. 4.	Large-type Edition, crown 8vo. with Introduction and Notes, cloth, red edges .. ..	3 6
No. 4. A	ditto roan limp, red edges ..	4 6
No. 4. B	ditto morocco, gilt edges ..	6 6
No. 5.	Crown 8vo. with accompanying Tunes to every Hymn, New Edition .. ..	3 0
No. 5. A	ditto with Chants .. ..	4 0
No. 5. B	The Chants separately .. ..	1 6

No. 6. Penny Edition.

Fcap. 4to. Organists' edition. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

\*"A liberal allowance is made to Clergymen introducing the Hymnal.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, bound with THE HYMNAL COMPANION. 32mo. cloth, 9d. And in various superior bindings.

**Bickersteth (Rev. E. H., M.A.) The Reef, and other Parables.** One Volume square 8vo., with numerous very beautiful Engravings, uniform in character with the Illustrated Edition of Heber's Hymns, &c., price 7s. 6d.

**Bickersteth (Rev. E. H., M.A.)** *The Master's Home-Call; Or, Brief Memorials of Alice Frances Bickersteth.* 3rd Edition. 32mo. cloth gilt. 1s.

"They recall in a touching manner a character of which the religious beauty has a warmth and grace almost too tender to be definite."—*The Guardian*.

— **The Shadow of the Rock.** A Selection of Religious Poetry. 18mo. Cloth extra. 2s. 6d.

**Bida, The Authorized Version of the Four Gospels.** With the whole of the magnificent etchings on steel, after the drawings by M. Bida.

It is intended to publish each Gospel separately, and at intervals of from six to twelve months; and in order to preserve uniformity, the price will in the first instance be fixed at £3 3s. each volume, large imperial quarto. The Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke contain more etchings and more letterpress than St. Mark and St. John; it must be understood that at the expiration of three months from the first issue of each of these two volumes, the price (if purchased separately) will be raised to four guineas. This extra charge will, however, be allowed at any time to all bona fide purchasers of the four volumes.

The Gospel of St. John, appropriately bound in cloth extra, price £3 3s., is now ready; the first volume issued.

**Bishop (J. L.)** *History of American Manufacture.* 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 5s.

— **(J. P.)** *First Book of the Law.* 8vo. 1l. 1s.

**Bits of Talk about Home Matters.** By H. H. Fcap. 8vo. cloth gilt edges. 3s.

**Black (Wm.)** Uniform Editions:

— **Kilmeny: a Novel.** Small Post 8vo. cloth. 6s.

— **In Silk Attire.** 3rd and cheaper edition, small post 8vo. 6s.

"A work which deserves a hearty welcome for its skill and power in delineation of character."—*Saturday Review*.

— **A Daughter of Heth.** 11th and cheaper edition, crown 8vo., cloth extra. 6s. With Frontispiece by F. Walker, A.R.A.

"If humour, sweetness, and pathos, and a story told with simplicity and vigour, ought to insure success, 'A Daughter of Heth' is of the kind to deserve it."—*Saturday Review*.

**Black (C. B.)** *New Continental Route Guides.*

— **Guide to the North of France,** including Normandy, Brittany, Touraine, Picardy, Champagne, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, and the Valley of the Loire; Belgium and Holland; the Valley of the Rhine to Switzerland; and the South-West of Germany, to Italy by the Brenner Pass. Illustrated with numerous Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo., cloth limp. 9s. 6d.

**Black (C. B.) New Continental Route Guides.**

- **Guide to Normandy and Brittany, their Celtic Monuments, Ancient Churches, and Pleasant Watering-Places.** Illustrated with Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo., cloth limp, 2s. 6d.
- **Guide to Belgium and Holland, the North-East of France, including Picardy, Champagne, Burgundy, Lorraine, and Alsace; the Valley of the Rhine, to Switzerland; and the South-West of Germany, to Italy, by the Brenner Pass, with Description of Vienna.** Illustrated with Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo., cloth limp, 5s.
- **Paris, and Excursions from Paris.** Illustrated with numerous Maps, Plans, and Views. Small post 8vo., cloth limp, price 3s.
- **Guide to the South of France and to the North of Italy: including the Pyrenees and their Watering-Places; the Health Resorts on the Mediterranean from Perpignan to Genoa; and the towns of Turin, Milan, and Venice.** Illustrated with Maps and Plans. Small post 8vo., cloth limp, 5s.
- **Switzerland and the Italian Lakes.** Small post 8vo. price 3s. 6d.
- **Guide to France, Corsica, Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, the Moselle, the South-West of Germany, and the North of Italy.** With numerous Maps and Plans. Complete in One Volume. Limp cloth, price 15s.
- **Railway and Road Map of Switzerland, West Tyrol, and the Italian Lake Country.** Boards, price 1s.

**Blackburn (H.) Art in the Mountains: the Story of the Passion Play, with upwards of Fifty Illustrations.** 8vo. 12s.

- **Artists and Arabs.** With numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
  - **Harz Mountains: a Tour in the Toy Country.** With numerous Illustrations. 12s.
  - **Normandy Picturesque.** Numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 16s.
  - **Travelling in Spain.** With numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 16s.
  - **Travelling in Spain.** Guide Book Edition 12mo. 2s. 6d.
  - **The Pyrenees.** Summer Life at French Watering-Places. 100 Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORE. Royal 8vo. 18s.
- Blackmore (R. D.) Lorna Doone.** New edition. Crown, 8vo. 6s.

"The reader at times holds his breath, so graphically yet so simply does John Ridd tell his tale . . . 'Lorna Doone' is a work of real excellence, and as such we heartily commend it to the public."—*Saturday Review*.

**Blackmore (R. D.) Cradock Nowell.** 2nd and cheaper edition. 6s.

—— **Clara Vaughan.** Revised edition. 6s.

—— **Georgics of Virgil.** Small 4to. 4s. 6d.

**Blackwell (E.) Laws of Life.** New edition. Fcp. 3s. 6d.

**Boardman's Higher Christian Life.** Fcp. 1s. 6d.

**Bonwick (J.) Last of the Tasmanians.** 8vo. 16s.

—— **Daily Life of the Tasmanians.** 8vo. 12s. 6d.

—— **Curious Facts of Old Colonial Days.** 12mo. cloth. 5s.

**Book of Common Prayer with the Hymnal Companion.** 32mo. cloth. 9d. And in various bindings.

**Books suitable for School Prizes and Presents.** (Fuller description of each book will be found in the alphabet.)

**Adventures of a Young Naturalist.** 7s. 6d.

—— **on Great Hunting Grounds.** 5s.

**Allcott's Aunt Jo's Scrap-bag.** 3s. 6d.

—— **Cupid and Chow Chow.** 3s. 6d.

—— **Old Fashioned Girl.** 3s. 6d.

—— **Little Women.** 3s. 6d.

—— **Little Men.** 3s. 6d.

—— **Shawl Straps.** 3s. 6d.

**Anecdotes of the Queen.** 5s.

**Atmosphere (The).** By FLAMMARION. 30s.

**Backward Glances.** 5s.

**Bickersteth (Rev. E. H.) Shadow of the Rock** 2s. 6d.

**Black (Wm.) Kilmeny.** 6s.

—— **In Silk Attire.** 6s.

—— **A Daughter of Heth.** 6s.

**Blackmore (R. D.) Cradock Nowell.**

—— **Clara Vaughan.** 6s.

—— **Lorna Doone.** 6s.

**Burritt's Ten Minute Talk on all sorts of Topics.** Sm. 8vo. 6s.

**Butler's Great Lone Land.** 7s. 6d.

**Bayard Series (See Bayard.)**

**Changed Cross (The).** 2s. 6d.

**Child's Play.** 7s. 6d.

**Christ in Song.** 5s.

**Craik (Mrs.) Adventures of a Brownie.** 5s.

**Books for School Prizes and Presents, *continued*—**

- Craik (Mrs.) *Little Sunshine's Holiday.* 4s.  
 Craik (Miss) *The Cousin from India.* 4s.  
     — Miss Moore. 4s.  
 Dana's *Coral and Coral Islands.* 21s.  
     — *Two Years before the Mast.* 6s.  
 Davies's *Pilgrimage of the Tiber.* 18s.  
 De Witt (Mad.) *An Only Sister.* 4s.  
 Erkmann-Chatrian's, *The Forest House.* 3s. 6d.  
 Faith Gartney. 3s. 6d. cloth; boards, 1s. 6d.  
 Favell Children (The). 4s.  
 Favourite English Poems. 300 Illustration. 21s.  
 Forbes (J. G.) *Africa: Geographical Exploration and Christian Enterprise.* Crown 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d.  
 Franc's *Emily's Choice.* 5s.  
     — *John's Wife.* 4s.  
     — *Marian.* 5s.  
     — *Silken Cord.* 5s.  
     — *Vermont Vale.* 5s.  
     — *Minnie's Mission.*  
 Friswell (Laura) *The Gingerbread Maiden.* 3s. 6d.  
 Gayworthys (The). 3s. 6d.  
 Gentle Life, (Queen Edition). 10s. 6d.  
 Gentle Life Series. (*See Alphabet*).  
 Getting on in the World. 6s.  
 Glover's *Light of the Word.* 2s. 6d.  
 Hayes (Dr.) *Cast Away in the Cold.* 6s.  
 Healy (Miss) *The Home Theatre.* 3s. 6d.  
 Henderson's *Latin Proverbs.* 10s. 6d.  
 Hugo's *Tollers of the Sea.* 10s. 6d.  
     " " " 6s.  
 Jack Hazard, by Trowbridge. 3s. 6d.  
 Kingston's *Ben Burton.* 3s. 6d.  
 Kennan's *Tent Life.* 6s.  
 King's *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada.*  
 Low's Edition of *American Authors.* 1s. 6d. and 2s. each. 23  
     Vols. published. *See Alphabet under Low.*  
 Lyra *Sacra Americana.* 4s. 6d.  
 Macgregor (John) *Rob Roy Books.* (*See Alphabet.*)  
 Marigold Manor, by Miss Waring. 4s.  
 Maury's *Physical Geography of the Sea.* 6s.  
 Parisian Family. 5s.  
 Phelps (Miss) *The Silent Partner.* 5s.  
 Picture Gallery *British Art.* 12s.



**Books for School Prizes and Presents, continued—**

- Picture Gallery Sacred Art. 12s.  
 Ready, O Ready. By Captain Allston, R.N. 3s. 6d.  
 Reynard the Fox. 100 Exquisite Illustrations. 7s. 6d.  
 Sea-Gull Rock. 79 Beautiful Woodcuts. 7s. 6d.  
 Stanley's How I Found Livingstone. 21s.  
 Stowe (Mrs.) Pink and White Tyranny. 3s. 6d.  
 — Old Town Folks. Cloth extra 6s. and 2s. 6d.  
 — Minister's Wooing. 5s. ; boards, 1s. 6d.  
 — Pearl of Orr's Island. 5s.  
 — My Wife and I. 6s.  
 Tauchnitz's German Authors. *See* Tauchnitz.  
 Tayler (C. B.) Sacred Records. 2s. 6d.  
 Titcomb's Letters to Young People. 1s. 6d. and 2s.  
 Twenty Years Ago. 4s.  
 Under the Blue Sky. 7s. 6d.  
 Verne's Meridiana. 7s. 6d.  
 — Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. 10s. 6d.  
 Whitney's (Mrs.) Books. *See* Alphabet.

**Bowles (T. G.)** The Defence of Paris, narrated as it was Seen. 8vo. 14s.

**Bowker (G.)** St. Mark's Gospel. With Explanatory Notes. For the Use of Schools and Colleges. By GEORGE BOWKER, late Second Master of the Newport Grammar School, Isle of Wight. 2 vol. foolscap, cloth.

**Boynton (Charles B., D.D.)** Navy of the United States, with Illustrations of the Ironclad Vessels. 8vo. 2 vols. 2l.

**Bradford (Wm.)** The Arctic Regions. Illustrated with Photographs, taken on an Art Expedition to Greenland. With Descriptive Narrative by the Artist. In One Volume, royal broadside, 25 inches by 20, beautifully bound in morocco extra, price Twenty-five Guineas.

**Bremer (Fredrika)** Life, Letters, and Posthumous Works. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**Brett (E.)** Notes on Yachts. Fcp. 6s.

**Bristed (C. A.)** Five Years in an English University. Fourth Edition, Revised and Amended by the Author. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**Broke (Admiral Sir B. V. P., Bart., K.C.B.)** Biography of 12.

**Brothers Rantzau.** *See* Erckmann Chatrian.

**Browning (Mrs. E. B.)** The Rhyme of the Duchess May. Demy 4to. Illustrated with Eight Photographs, after Drawings by Charlotte M. B. Morrell. 21s.

**Burritt (E.)** *The Black Country and its Green Border Land.* Second edition. Post 8vo. 6s.

—— *A Walk from London to Land's End.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.

—— *Lectures and Speeches.* Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 6s.

—— *Ten-Minute Talk on all sorts of Topics.* With Autobiography of the Author. Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 6s.

**Bush (R. J.)** *Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow Shoes.* 8vo. 12s. 6d.

**Bushnell's (Dr.)** *The Vicarious Sacrifice.* Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

—— *Sermons on Living Subjects.* Crown 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d.

—— *Nature and the Supernatural.* Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

—— *Christian Nurture.* 3s. 6d.

—— *Character of Jesus.* 6d.

—— *The New Life.* Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**Butler (W. F.)** *The Great Lone Land; an Account of the Red River Expedition, 1869-1870, and Subsequent Travels and Adventures in the Manitoba Country, and a Winter Journey across the Saskatchewan Valley to the Rocky Mountains.* With Illustrations and Map. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. cloth extra. 7s. 6d. (The first 3 Editions were in 8vo. cloth. 16s.)

—— *The Wild North Land: the Story of a Winter Journey with Dogs across Northern North America.* Demy 8vo. cloth, with numerous Woodcuts and a Map. Fourth Edition. 18s.



**CADOGAN (Lady A.)** *Illustrated Games of Patience.* By the LADY ADELAIDE CADOGAN. Twenty-four Diagrams in Colours, with Descriptive Text. Foolscap 4to., cloth extra, gilt edges, 12s. 6d.

**California.** See Nordhoff.

**Canada on the Pacific:** being an account of a journey from Edmonton to the Pacific, by the Peace River Valley. By Charles Horetzky. Cloth. 5s.

**Carlisle (Thos.)** *The Unprofessional Vagabond.* Fcap. 8vo. Fancy boards. 1s.

**Ceramic Art.** See Jacquemart.

**Changed Cross (The)** and other Religious Poems. 2s. 6d.

**Child's Play,** with 16 coloured drawings by E. V. B. An entirely new edition, printed on thick paper, with tints, 7s. 6d.

**Chefs-d'œuvre of Art and Master-pieces of Engraving**, selected from the celebrated Collection of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. Reproduced in Photography by STEPHEN THOMPSON. Imperial folio, Thirty-eight Photographs, cloth gilt. 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*

**China.** *See* Illustrations of.

**Christ in Song.** Hymns of Immanuel, selected from all Ages, with Notes. By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. Crown 8vo. toned paper, beautifully printed at the Chiswick Press. With Initial Letters and Ornaments and handsomely bound. New Edition. 5*s.*

**Christabel.** *See* Bayard Series.

**Christmas Presents.** *See* Illustrated Books.

**Chronicles of Castle of Amelroy.** 4to. With Photographic Illustrations. 2*l.* 2*s.*

**Clara Vaughan.** *See* Blackmore.

**Coffin (G. C.) Our New Way Round the World.** 8vo. 12*s.*

**Commons Preservation (Prize Essays on)**, written in competition for Prizes offered by HENRY W. PERK, Esq. 8vo. 14*s.*

**Conquered at Last**; from Records of Dhu Hall and its Inmates; A Novel. 3 vols. Crown; cloth. 31*s.* 6*d.*

**Cook (D.) Young Mr. Nightingale.** A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo., cloth. 31*s.* 6*d.*

**Courtship and a Campaign**; a Story of the Milanese Volunteers of 1866, under Garibaldi. By M. DALIN. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 21*s.*

**Craddock Nowell.** *See* Blackmore.

**Craik (Mrs.) The Adventures of a Brownie**, by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." With numerous Illustrations by Miss PATERSON. Square cloth, extra gilt edges. 5*s.*

A Capital Book for a School Prize for Children from Seven to Fourteen.

— **Little Sunshine's Holiday** (forming Vol. 1. of the John Halifax Series of Girls' Books). Small post 8vo. 4*s.*

— **John Halifax Series.** *See* Girls' Books.

— **Poems.** Crown, cloth, 5*s.*

— **(Georgiana M.) The Cousin from India**, forming Vol. 2. of John Halifax Series. Small post 8vo. 4*s.*

— **Only a Butterfly.** One Volume, crown 8vo., cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*

— **Miss Moore.** Small post 8vo., with Illustrations, gilt edges. 4*s.*

— **Without Kith or Kin.** 3 vols. crown 8vo., 31*s.* 6*d.*

— **Hero Trevelyan.** 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 21*s.*

- Craik's American Millwright and Miller.** With numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*
- Cruise of "The Rosario.** *See* Markham (A. H.)
- Cummins (Maria S.) Haunted Hearts** (Low's Copyright Series). 16mo. boards. 1*s.* 6*d.* ; cloth, 2*s.*
- Curtis's History of the Constitution of the United States.** 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s.*

**DALTON (J. C.) A Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene for Schools, Families, and Colleges,** with numerous Illustrations. 7*s.* 6*d.*

**Dana (R. H.) Two Years before the Mast and Twenty-four years After.** New Edition, with Notes and Revisions. 12mo. 6*s.*

**Dana (Jas. D.) Corals and Coral Islands.** Numerous Illustrations, charts, &c. Royal 8vo. cloth extra. 21*s.*

"Professed geologists and zoologists, as well as general readers, will find Professor Dana's book in every way worthy of their attention."  
—*The Athenæum*, October 12, 1872.

**Darley (Felix O. C.) Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil,** with 84 Illustrations on Wood. Small 4to. 7*s.* 6*d.*

**Daughter (A) of Heth,** by WM. BLACK. Eleventh and Cheaper edition. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6*s.*

**Davies (Wm.) The Pilgrimage of the Tiber,** from its Mouth to its Source ; with some account of its Tributaries. 8vo., with many very fine Woodcuts and a Map, cloth extra. 18*s.*

**Devonshire Hamlets ; Hamlet 1603, Hamlet 1604.** 1 Vol. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

**De Witt (Madame Guizot). An Only Sister.** Vol. V. of the "John Halifax" Series of Girls' Books. With Six Illustrations. Small post 8vo. cloth. 4*s.*

**Dhow-Chasing.** *See* Sullivan.

**Draper (John W.) Human Physiology.** Illustrated with more than 300 Woodcuts from Photographs, &c. Royal 8vo. cloth extra. 1*l.* 5*s.*

**Dream Book (The)** with 12 Drawings in facsimile by E. V. B. Med. 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

**Duer's Marine Insurance.** 2 vols. 3*l.* 3*s.*

**Duplais and McKennie, Treatise on the Manufacture and Distillation of Alcoholic Liquors.** With numerous Engravings. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*

**Duplessis (G.) Wonders of Engraving.** With numerous Illustrations and Photographs. 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Dussauce (Professor H.) A New and Complete Treatise on the Art of Tanning.** Royal 8vo. 2*l.* 10*s.*

— **General Treatise on the Manufacture of Vinegar.** 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*



**ENGLISH Catalogue of Books (The) Published during 1863 to 1871 inclusive, comprising also the Important American Publications.**

This Volume, occupying over 450 Pages, shows the Titles of 32,000 New Books and New Editions issued during Nine Years, with the Size, Price, and Publisher's Name, the Lists of Learned Societies, Printing Clubs, and other Literary Associations, and the Books issued by them; as also the Publisher's Series and Collections—together forming an indispensable adjunct to the Bookseller's Establishment, as well as to every Learned and Literary Club and Association. 30*s.* half-bound.

"The previous Volume, 1835 to 1862, of which a very few remain on sale, price 2*l.* 5*s.*; as also the Index Volume, 1837 to 1857, price 1*l.* 6*s.*

— **Supplements, 1863, 1864, 1865, 3*s.* 6*d.* each; 1866, 1867 to 1872, 5*s.* each.**

— **Writers, Chapters for Self-improvement in English Literature; by the author of "The Gentle Life."** 6*s.*

— **Matrons and their Profession; With some Considerations as to its Various Branches, its National Value, and the Education it requires.** By M. L. F., Writer of "My Life, and what shall I do with it." "Battle of the Two Philosophies," and "Strong and Free." Crown 8vo., cloth, extra, 7*s.* 6*d.* [Now ready.]

**Eckmann-Chatrian. Forest House and Catherine's Lovers.** Crown 8vo 3*s.* 6*d.*

— **The Brothers Rantzau: A Story of the Vosges.** 2 vols. crown 8vo. cloth. 21*s.* New Edition. 1 vol., profusely illustrated. Cloth Extra. 5*s.*

**Evans. (T. W.) History of the American Ambulance,** Established in Paris during the Siege of 1870-71. Together with the Details of its Method and its Work. By THOMAS W. EVANS, M.D., D.D.S. Imperial 8vo., with numerous illustrations, cloth extra, price 35*s.*



**FAITH GARTNEY'S Girlhood, by the Author of "The Gayworthys."** Fcap. with Coloured Frontispiece. 3*s.* 6*d.*

**Favourite English Poems.** New and Extended Edition, with 300 illustrations. Small 4to. 21*s.*

**Favell (The) Children. Three Little Portraits.** Crown 12mo. Four Illustrations. Cloth gilt. 4*s.*

"A very useful and clever story."—*John Bull.*

**Few (A) Hints on Proving Wills.** Enlarged Edition, sewed. 1*s.*

**Field (M. B.)** *Memories of Many Men and of some Women.* Post 8vo., cloth. 10s. 6d.

**Fields (J. T.)** *Yesterdays with Authors.* Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**Fleming's (Sandford)** *Expedition.* *See Ocean to Ocean.*

**Flammarion (C.)** *The Atmosphere.* Translated from the French of CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Edited by JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Magnetical and Meteorological Department of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. With 10 beautiful Chromo-Lithographs and 81 woodcuts. Royal 8vo. cloth extra, bevelled boards. 30s.

**Forbes (J. G.)** *Africa: Geographical Exploration and Christian Enterprise, from the Earliest Times to the Present.* By J. GRUAR FORBES. Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

**Franc (Maude Jeane)** *Emily's Choice, an Australian Tale.* 1 vol. small post 8vo. With a Frontispiece by G. F. ANGAS. 5s.

—— *John's Wife. A Story of Life in South Australia.* Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 4s.

—— *Marian, or the Light of Some One's Home.* Fcp. 3rd Edition, with Frontispiece. 5s.

—— *Silken Cords and Iron Fetters.* 5s.

—— *Vermont Vale.* Small post 4to., with Frontispiece. 5s.

—— *Minnie's Mission.* Small post 8vo., with Frontispiece. 4s.

**Friswell (J. H.)** *See Gentle Life Series.*

—— *One of Two.* 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.

**Friswell (Laura.)** *The Gingerbread Maiden; and other Stories.* With Illustration. Square cloth. 3s. 6d.



**GEMSWORTHYS (The),** a Story of New England Life. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**Gems of Dutch Art.** Twelve Photographs from finest Engravings in British Museum. Sup. royal 4to. cloth extra. 25s.

**Gentle Life (Queen Edition).** 2 vols. in 1. Small 4to. 10s. 6d.

**THE GENTLE LIFE SERIES.** Printed in Elzevir, on Toned Paper, handsomely bound, forming suitable Volumes for Presents. Price 6s. each; or in calf extra, price 10s. 6d.

**The Gentle Life.** Essays in aid of the Formation of Character of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen. Tenth Edition.

"Deserves to be printed in letters of gold, and circulated in every house."—*Chambers Journal*.

**About in the World.** Essays by the Author of "The Gentle Life."

"It is not easy to open it at any page without finding some handy idea."—*Morning Post*.

**Like unto Christ.** A New Translation of the "De Imitatione Christi" usually ascribed to Thomas à Kempis. With a Vignette from an Original Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Second Edition.

"Could not be presented in a more exquisite form, for a more sightly volume was never seen,"—*Illustrated London News*.

**Familiar Words.** An Index Verborum, or Quotation Handbook. Affording an immediate Reference to Phrases and Sentences that have become embedded in the English language. Second and enlarged Edition.

"The most extensive dictionary of quotation we have met with."—*Notes and Queries*.

**Essays by Montaigne.** Edited, Compared, Revised, and Annotated by the Author of "The Gentle Life." With Vignette Portrait. Second Edition.

"We should be glad if any words of ours could help to bespeak a large circulation for this handsome attractive book."—*Illustrated Times*.

**The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.** Written by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. Edited, with Notes, by the Author of "The Gentle Life." Dedicated, by permission, to the Earl of Derby. 7s. 6d.

"All the best things in the Arcadia are retained intact in Mr. Friswell's edition."—*Examiner*.

**The Gentle Life.** Second Series. Third Edition.

"There is not a single thought in the volume that does not contribute in some measure to the formation of a true gentleman."—*Daily News*.

**Varia: Readings from Rare Books.** Reprinted, by permission, from the *Saturday Review*, *Spectator*, &c.

"The books discussed in this volume are no less valuable than they are rare, and the compiler is entitled to the gratitude of the public."—*Observer*.

**The Silent Hour: Essays, Original and Selected.** By the Author of "The Gentle Life." Second Edition.

"All who possess the 'Gentle Life' should own this volume."—*Standard*.

**Essays on English writers, for the Self-improvement of Students in English Literature.**

"To all (both men and women) who have neglected to read and study their native literature we would certainly suggest the volume before us as a fitting introduction."—*Examiner*.

**Other People's Windows.** By J. HAIN FRISWELL. Second Edition.

"The chapters are so lively in themselves, so mingled with shrewd views of human nature, so full of illustrative anecdotes, that the reader cannot fail to be amused."—*Morning Post*.

**A Man's Thoughts.** By J. HAIN FRISWELL.

**German Primer; being an Introduction to First Steps in German.** By M. T. PREU. 2s. 6d.

**Getting On in the World; or, Hints on Success in Life.** By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D. Small post 8vo., cloth extra, bevelled edges. 6s.

**Girdlestone (C.) Christendom.** 12mo. 3s.

—— **Family Prayers.** 12mo. 1s. 6d.

**Glover (Rev. R.) The Light of the Word.** Third Edition. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

**Goethe's Faust.** With Illustrations by Konewka. Small 4to. Price 10s. 6d.

**Gouffé: The Royal Cookery Book.** By JULES GOUFFÉ, Chef-de-Cuisine of the Paris Jockey Club; translated and adapted for English use by ALPHONSE GOUFFÉ, head pastrycook to Her Majesty the Queen. Illustrated with large plates, beautifully printed in colours, together with 161 woodcuts. 8vo. Cloth extra, gilt edges. 2l. 2s.

—— **Domestic Edition, half-bound.** 10s. 6d.

"By far the ablest and most complete work on cookery that has ever been submitted to the gastronomical world."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

—— **The Book of Preserves; or, Receipts for Preparing and Preserving Meat, Fish salt and smoked, Terrines, Gelatines, Vegetables, Fruits, Confitures, Syrups, Liqueurs de Famille, Petits Fours, Bonbons, &c. &c.** By JULES GOUFFÉ, Head Cook of the Paris Jockey Club, and translated and adapted by his brother ALPHONSE GOUFFÉ, Head Pastrycook to her Majesty the Queen, translator and editor of "The Royal Cookery Book." 1 vol. royal 8vo., containing upwards of 500 Receipts and 34 Illustrations. 10s. 6d.

—— **Royal Book of Pastry and Confectionery.** By JULES GOUFFÉ, Chef-de-Cuisine of the Paris Jockey Club. Translated from the French by ALPHONSE GOUFFÉ, Head Pastrycook to Her Majesty the Queen. Royal 8vo., illustrated with 10 Chromo-lithographs and 137 Woodcuts, from Drawings from Nature by E. Monjat, cloth extra, gilt edges, 35s.



**Girls' Books.** A Series written, edited, or translated by the Author of "John Halifax." Small post 8vo., cloth extra, 4s. each.

1. *Little Sunshine's Holiday.*
2. *The Cousin from India.*
3. *Twenty Years Ago.*
4. *Is it True.*
5. *An Only Sister.* By Madame Guizot De Witt.
6. *Miss Moore.*

**Gospels (Four),** with Bida's Illustrations. *See* Bida.

**Gray (Robertson) Brave Hearts.** Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d

**Great Lone-Land.** *See* Butler.

**Grant (Rev. G. M.).** *See* Ocean to Ocean.

**Greenleaf's Law of Evidence.** 13th Edition. 3 vols. 84s.

**Guizot's History of France.** Translated by ROBERT BLACK. Royal 8vo. Numerous Illustrations. Vols. I., II. and III., cloth extra, each 24s.; in Parts, 2s. each (to be completed in two more volumes).

**Guyon (Mad.) Life.** By Upham. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

—— **Method of Prayer.** Foolscap. 1s.

**Guyot (A.) Physical Geography.** By ARNOLD GUYOT, Author of "Earth and Man." In 1 volume, large 4to., 128 pp., numerous coloured Diagrams, Maps and Woodcuts, price 10s. 6d., strong boards.

 **HALE (E. E.) In His Name; a Story of the Dark Ages.** Small post 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

**Hacklander (F. W.) Military Life in Prussia.** First Series. The Soldier in Time of Peace. Translated (by permission of the Author) from the German of F. W. Hacklander. By F. E. R. and H. E. R. Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 9s.

**Harrington (J.) Pictures of Saint George's Chapel, Windsor.** Photographs. 4to. 63s.

**Harrington's Abbey and Palace of Westminster.** Photographs. 5l. 5s.

**Harper's Handbook for Travellers in Europe and the East.** New Edition, 1874. Post 8vo. Morocco tuck, 1l. 11s. 6d.

**Haswell (Chas. H.) The Engineers' and Mechanics' Pocket-Book.** 30th Edition, revised and enlarged. 12mo, morocco tuck, 14s.

**Harz Mountains.** *See* Blackburn.

**Hawthorne (Mrs. N.)** Notes in England and Italy. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**Hayes (Dr.)** Cast Away in the Cold; an Old Man's Story of a Young Man's Adventures. By Dr. I. ISAAC HAYES, Author of "The Open Polar Sea." With numerous Illustrations. Gilt edges, 6s.

— **The Land of Desolation; Personal Narrative of Adventures in Greenland.** Numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth extra. 14s.

**Hazard (S.)** Santo Domingo, Past and Present; With a Glance at Hayti. With upwards of One Hundred and Fifty beautiful Woodcuts and Maps, chiefly from Designs and Sketches by the Author. Demy 8vo. cloth extra. 18s.

**Hazard (S.)** Cuba with Pen and Pencil. Over 300 Fine Woodcut Engravings. New edition, 8vo. cloth extra. 15s.

**Hazlitt (William)** The Round Table; the Best Essays of WILLIAM HAZLITT, with Biographical Introduction (Bayard Series). 2s. 6d.

**Healy (M.)** Lakeville. 3 vols. 17. 11s. 6d.

— **A Summer's Romance.** Crown 8vo., cloth. 10s. 6d.

— **The Home Theatre.** Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**Henderson (A.)** Latin Proverbs and Quotations; with Translations and Parallel Passages, and a copious English Index. By ALFRED HENDERSON. Fcap. 4to., 530 pp. 10s. 6d.

**Hearth Ghosts.** By the Author of 'Gilbert Rugge.' 3 Vols. 17. 11s. 6d.

**Heber's (Bishop)** Illustrated Edition of Hymns. With upwards of 100 Designs engraved in the first style of art under the superintendence of J. D. COOPER. Small 4to. Handsomely bound, 7s. 6d.

**Higginson (T. W.)** Atlantic Essays. Small post 8vo. 6s.

**Hitherto.** By the Author of "The Gayworthys." New Edition. cloth extra. 3s. 6d. Also in Low's American Series. Double Vol. 2s. 6d.

**Hofmann (Carl)** A Practical Treatise on the Manufacture of Paper in all its Branches. Illustrated by One Hundred and Ten Wood Engravings, and Five large Folding Plates. In One Volume, 4to, cloth; about 400 pages. 37. 13s. 6d.

**Hoge—Blind Bartimæus.** Popular edition. 1s.

**Holland (Dr.)** Kathrina and Titcomb's Letters. See Low's American Series.

- Holmes (Oliver W.)** *The Guardian Angel; a Romance.* 2 vols. 16s.
- (*Low's Copyright Series.*) Boards, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.
- *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.* 12mo. 1s.; Illustrated edition, 3s. 6d.
- *The Professor at the Breakfast Table.* 3s. 6d.
- *Songs in Many Keys.* Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- *Mechanism in Thought and Morals.* 12mo. 1s. 6d.
- Homespun, or Twenty Five Years Ago in America,** by THOMAS LACKLAND. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Hoppin (Jas. M.)** *Old Country, its Scenery, Art, and People.* Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Howell (W. D.)** *Italian Journeys.* 12mo. cloth. 8s. 6d.
- Hugo (Victor)** "Ninety-Three." Translated by FRANK LEE BENEDICT and J. HAIN FRISWELL. In 3 vols., crown 8vo., cloth, 31s. 6d.
- *Toilers of the Sea.* Crown 8vo. 6s.; fancy boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.; Illustrated Edition, 10s. 6d.
- Hunt (Leigh) and S. A. Lee,** *Elegant Sonnets, with Essay on Sonneteers.* 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.
- *Day by the Fire.* Fcap. 6s. 6d.
- Huntington (J.D., D.D.)** *Christian Believing.* Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Hutchinson (T. J.)** *Two Years in Peru; with Exploration of its Antiquities.* By THOMAS J. HUTCHINSON. Map by Daniel Barrera, and numerous Illustrations. In 2 vols., demy 8vo., cloth extra. 28s.
- Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer.** See BICKERSTETH.



**HOLLAND, a Midsummer Night's Dream.** Small Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**Illustrations of China and its People.** By J.

THOMSON, F.R.G.S. Being Photographs from the Author's Negatives, printed in permanent Pigments by the Autotype Process, and Notes from Personal Observation.

\*.\* The complete work embraces 200 Photographs, with Letter-press Descriptions of the Places and People represented. Four Volumes, imperial 4to., each £3 3s.

The Fourth Volume, completing the Work, ready this day.

N.B.—Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to acknowledge her appreciation of this book by presenting the Author with a handsome Gold Medal as a memorial.

**Illustrated Books, suitable for Christmas, Birthday, or Wedding Presents.** (The full titles of which will be found in the Alphabet.)

- Adventures of a Young Naturalist.** 7s. 6d.  
**Alexander's Bush Fighting.** 16s.  
**Anderson's Fairy Tales.** 25s.  
**Arctic Regions.** Illustrated. 25 guineas.  
**Art, Pictorial and Industrial.** Vol. I. 31s. 6d.  
**Blackburn's Art in the Mountains.** 12s.  
 — **Artists and Arabs.** 7s. 6d.  
 — **Hartz Mountains.** 12s.  
 — **Normandy Picturesque.** 16s.  
 — **Travelling in Spain.** 16s.  
 — **The Pyrenees.** 18s.  
**Bush's Reindeer, Dogs, &c.** 12s. 6d.  
**Butler's Great Lone Land.** 7s. 6d.  
**Chefs d'Œuvre of Art.** 4l. 14s. 6d.  
**China.** Illustrated. 4 vols. 3l. 3s. each vol.  
**Christian Lyrics.**  
**Davies's Pilgrimage of the Tiber.** 18s.  
**Dream Book, by E. V. B.** 21s. 6d.  
**Duplessis' Wonders of Engraving.** 12s. 6d.  
**Favourite English Poems.** 21s.  
**Flammarion's The Atmosphere.** 30s.  
**Fletcher and Kidder's Brazil.** 18s.  
**Gothie's Faust, illustrations by P. KONWKA.** 10s. 6d.  
**Gouffe's Royal Cookery Book.** Coloured plates. 42s.  
 — **Ditto.** Popular edition. 10s. 6d.  
 — **Book of Preserves.** 10s. 6d.  
**Hazard's Santa Domingo.** 18s.  
 — **Cuba.** 15s.  
**Heber (Bishop) Hymns.** Illustrated edition. 7s. 6d.  
**Jacquemart's History of the Ceramic Art.** 42s.  
**Markham's Cruise of the Rosario.** 16s.  
**Milton's Paradise Lost.** (Martin's plates). 3l. 13s. 6d.  
**My Lady's Cabinet.** 21s.  
**Ocean to Ocean.** 10s. 6d.  
**Palliser (Mrs.) History of Lace.** 21s.  
 — **Historic Devices, &c.** 21s.  
**Peaks and Valleys of the Alps.** 6l. 6s.  
**Pike's Sub-Tropical Rambles.** 18s.  
**Red Cross Knight (The).** 25s.  
**Sausay's Wonders of Glass Making.** 12s. 6d.  
**Schiller's Lay of the Bell.** 14s.  
**St. George's Chapel, Windsor.**  
**Sullivan's Dhow Chasing.** 16s.  
**The Abbey and Palace of Westminster.** 5l. 5s.  
**Viardot, Wonders of Sculpture.** 12s. 6d.  
 — **Wonders of Italian Art.** 12s. 6d.  
 — **Wonders of European Art.** 12s. 6d.  
**Werner (Carl) Nile Sketches.** 2 Series, each 3l. 10s.

**Index to the Subjects of Books published in the United Kingdom during the last 20 years.** 8vo. Half-morocco. 1l. 6s.

**Innocent.** By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 3 Vols. Crown 8vo. cloth. 31s. 6d. Cheap Edition, 1 vol., 6s.

**In the Isle of Wight.** Two volumes, crown 8vo., cloth. 21s.

**In Silk Attire.** *See* Black, Wm.

**Is it True? Being Tales Curious and Wonderful.** Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 4s.

(Forming vol. 4 of the "John Halifax" Series of Girls' Books.)



**HACK HAZARD**, a Story of Adventure by J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Numerous illustrations, small post. 3s. 6d.

John Halifax Series of Girls' Books. *See* Girls' Books.

**Jackson (H.) Argus Fairbairne; or, a Wrong Never Righted.**  
By HENRY JACKSON, Author of "Hearth Ghosts," &c. Three volumes, crown 8vo., cloth, 31s. 6d.

**Jacquemart (J.) History of the Ceramic Art: Descriptive and Analytical Study of the Potteries of all Times and of all Nations.**  
By ALBERT JACQUEMART. 200 Woodcuts by H. Catenacci and J. Jacquemart. 12 Steel-plate Engravings, and 1,000 Marks and Monograms. Translated by Mrs. BURY PALLISER. In 1 vol., super royal 8vo., of about 700 pp., cloth extra, gilt edges, 42s. *(Ready.)*

"Altogether we think this is likely to be one of the most popular books of the season. It affords a happy instance of the union of taste and science, of learning and refinement, with a very distinct leaning towards the elegant aspect of the subject."—*Athenæum*.

"This is one of those few gift books which, while they can certainly lie on a table and look beautiful, can also be read through with real pleasure and profit."—*Times*, December 13.

**Jessup (H. H.) The Women of the Arabs.** With a Chapter for Children. By the Rev. HENRY HARRIS JESSUP, D.D., seventeen years American Missionary in Syria. Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

**Johnson (R. B.) Very Far West Indeed.** A few rough Experiences on the North-West Pacific Coast. Cr. 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.  
New Edition—the Fourth, fancy boards. 2s.



**KAVANAGH'S Origin of Language.** 2 vols. crown 8vo. 1s. 1s.

**Kedge Anchor, or Young Sailor's Assistant,** by WM. BRADY. 8vo. 18s.

**Kennan (G.) Tent Life in Siberia.** 3rd edition. 6s.

**Kent (Chancellor) Commentaries on American Law.**  
12th edition. 4 vols. 8vo. 5s.

**Kilmeny.** *See* Black (Wm.)

**King (Clarence) Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada.**  
 crown 8vo. Third and Cheaper Edition, cloth extra. 6s.  
 The *Times* of Oct. 20th says :—"If we judge his descriptions by  
 the vivid impressions they leave, we feel inclined to give them very high  
 praise."

**Kingston (W. H. G.) Ben Burton, or Born and Bred at  
 Sea.** Fcap. with Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**Kortright.** See Aikin.

**LAKEVILLE.** See Healy.

**Land of the White Elephant.** See Vincent.

**Lang (J. D.) The Coming Event.** 8vo. 12s.

**Lascelles (Arthur) The Coffee Grower's Guide.** Post 8vo.  
 2s. 6d.

**L'Estrange (Sir G. B.) Recollections of Sir George  
 B. L'Estrange, late of the 31st Regiment, and afterwards in  
 the Scots Fusilier Guards. With Heliotype reproductions of  
 Drawings by Officers of the Royal Artillery—the Peninsula War.** 8vo.,  
 cloth extra. 14s.

**Lee (G. R.) Memoirs of the American Revolutionary  
 War.** 8vo. 16s.

**Little Men.** See Alcott.

**Little Preacher.** 32mo. 1s.

**Little Women.** See Alcott.

**Little Sunshine's Holiday.** See Craik (Mrs.)

**Log of my Leisure Hours.** By an Old Sailor. Cheaper  
 Edition. Fancy boards. 2s.

**Longfellow (H. W.) The Poets and Poetry of Europe.**  
 New Edition. 8vo. cloth. 14. 1s.

**Loomis (Elias). Recent Progress of Astronomy.** Post 8vo.  
 7s. 6d.

— **Practical Astronomy.** 8vo. 10s.

**Low's Minion Series of Popular Books.** 1s. each :—

The Gates Ajar. (The original English Edition.)

Who is He?

The Little Preacher.

The Boy Missionary.

**Low's Copyright and Cheap Editions of American Authors, comprising Popular Works, reprinted by arrangement with their Authors:—**

1. *Haunted Hearts.* By the Author of "The Lamplighter."
2. *The Guardian Angel.* By "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."
3. *The Minister's Wooing.* By the Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
4. *Views Afoot.* By BAYARD TAYLOR.
5. *Kathrina, Her Life and Mine.* By J. G. HOLLAND.
6. *Hans Brinker: or, Life in Holland.* By Mrs. DODGE.
7. *Men, Women, and Ghosts.* By Miss PHELPS.
8. *Society and Solitude.* By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
9. *Hedged In.* By ELIZABETH PHELPS.
10. *An Old-Fashioned Girl.* By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
11. *Faith Gartney.*
12. *Stowe's Old Town Folks.* 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s.
13. *Lowell's Study Windows.*
14. *My Summer in a Garden.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.
15. *Pink and White Tyranny.* By Mrs. STOWE.
16. *We Girls.* By Mrs. WHITNEY.
17. *Little Men.* By Miss ALCOTT.
18. *Little Women.* By Miss ALCOTT.
19. *Little Women Wedded.* (Forming the Sequel to "Little Women.")

20. *Back-Log Studies.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, Author of "My Summer in a Garden."

"This is a delightful book."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

21. *Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Single and Married.*

"\* \* Of this famous little work upwards of 50,000 have been sold in America alone at four times the present price, viz. 1s. 6d. flexible fancy boards; 2s. cloth extra.

22. *Hitherto.* By Mrs. T. D. WHITNEY. Double Volume, 2s. 6d. fancy flexible boards.

"\* \* This Copyright work was first published in this country in 3 vols. at 35s. 6d.; afterwards in 1 vol. at 6s. It is now issued in the above popular Series.

23. *Farm Ballads.* by Will Carleton, price ONE SHILLING.

The *Guardian* says of "Little Women" that it is "a bright, cheerful, healthy story—with a tinge of thoughtful gravity about it which reminds one of John Bunyan. Meg going to Vanity Fair is a chapter written with great cleverness and a pleasant humour."

The *Athenæum* says of "Old-Fashioned Girl": "Let whoever wishes to read a bright, spirited, wholesome story get the 'Old-Fashioned Girl' at once."

"\* \* "We may be allowed to add, that Messrs. Low's is the 'Author's edition.' We do not commonly make these announcements, but every one is bound to defeat, as far as he can, the efforts of those enterprising persons who proclaim with much unction the sacred duty of not letting an American author get his proper share of profits."—*Spectator*, Jan. 4, 1873.

Each volume complete in itself, price 1s. 6d. enamelled flexible cover, 2s. cloth.

**Low's Monthly Bulletin of American and Foreign Publications, forwarded regularly. Subscription 2s. 6d. per annum.**

LOW'S STANDARD NOVELS.

SIX SHILLINGS EACH.



**DAUGHTER of Heth.** By W. BLACK. Eleventh and Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo., cloth extra, 6s. With Frontispiece by F. WALKER, A.R.A.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

**Kilmeny: a Novel.** Small post 8vo., cloth, 6s.

**In Silk Attire.** Third and Cheaper Edition. Small post 8vo., 6s.

**Lorna Doone.** By R. D. BLACKMORE. New Edition. Crown 8vo., 6s.

BY SAME AUTHOR,

**Cradock Nowell.** Second and Cheaper Edition. Revised, 6s.

BY SAME AUTHOR,

**Clara Vaughan.** Revised Edition, 6s.

**Innocent: a Tale of Modern Life.** By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Eight full-page illustrations. Small post 8vo., cloth extra, 6s. [*Now ready.*]

**Work: a Story of Experience.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. New Edition, small post 8vo., cloth, 6s. Illustrations.

**Mistress Judith: a Cambridgeshire Story.** By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER, Author of "Jasmine Leigh." A New and Cheaper Edition, small post 8vo., cloth extra, 6s. [*This day.*]

"We do not remember ever to have read a story more perfect of its kind than 'Mistress Judith.'"—*Athenaeum*.

**Low's Handbook to the Charities of London for 1874.** Edited and Revised to February, 1874, by CHARLES MACKESON, F.S.S., Editor of "A Guide to the Churches of London and its Suburbs," &c. Price 1s.

**Ludlow (FitzHugh).** *The Heart of the Continent.* 8vo. cloth. 14s.

**Lunn (J. C.)** *Only Eve.* 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

**Lyne (A. A.)** *The Midshipman's Trip to Jerusalem.* With illustration. Third Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth. 10s. 6d.

**Lyra Sacra Americana.** *Gems of American Poetry*, selected and arranged, with Notes and Biographical Sketches, by C. D. CLEVELAND, D.D., author of the "Milton Concordance." 18mo. 4s. 6d.



**MAC GAHAN (J. A.)** *Campaigning on the Oxus and the Fall of Khiva.* With Map and numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth extra, 16s.

**Macgregor (John.)** *"Rob Roy" on the Baltic.* Third Edition, small post 8vo. 2s. 6d.



**Macgregor (John).** *A Thousand Miles in the "Rob Roy" Canoe.* Eleventh Edition. Small post, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

— *Description of the "Rob Roy" Canoe, with plans, &c.* 1s.

— *The Voyage Alone in the Yawl "Rob Roy."* Second Edition. Small post, 8vo. 5s.

**Mahony (M. F.)** *A Chronicle of the Fermors; Horace Walpole in Love.* By M. F. MAHONY, (Matthew Stradling), Author of "The Misadventures of Mr. Catlyn," &c. In 2 volumes, demy 8vo., with steel portrait. 24s.

**Manigault,** *The Maid of Florence; or, a Woman's Vengeance.* 3s. 6d.

**March (A.)** *Anglo-Saxon Reader.* 8vo. 7s. 6d.

— *Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language.* 8vo. 12s.

**Marcy (R. B.)** *Thirty Years of Army Life.* Royal 8vo. 12s.

— *Prairie and Overland Traveller.* 2s. 6d.

**Marigold Manor.** By Miss WARING. With Introduction by Rev. A. SEWELL. With Illustrations. Small Post 8vo. 4s.

**Markham (A. H.)** *The Cruise of the "Rosario" amongst the New Hebrides and Santa Cruz Islands, exposing the Recent Atrocities connected with the Kidnapping of Natives in the South Seas.* By A. H. MARKHAM, Commander, R.N. 8vo. cloth extra, with Map and Illustrations. 16s.

— *A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia. With an Account of the Rescue, by his Ship, of the Survivors of the Crew of the "Polaris;" and a Description of Modern Whale Fishing. Together with numerous Adventures with Bears, &c.* With Introduction by Admiral SHEPARD OSBORN. Demy 8vo., cloth extra, 2 Maps and several Illustrations, 18s.

**Markham (C. R.)** *The Threshold of the Unknown Region.* Demy 8vo. with Maps and Illustrations. 16s.

\* \* \* The object of this Work is to give the public a correct knowledge of the whole line of frontier separating the known from the unknown region round the North Pole.

**Marlitt (Miss)** *The Princess of the Moor.* Tauchnitz Translations.

— *Origin and History of the English Language.* 8vo. 16s.

— *Lectures on the English Language.* 8vo. 15s.

**Martin's Vineyard.** By Agnes Harrison. Crown 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.

**Matthews (Wm.)** *See Getting on in the World.*

- Maury (Commander) Physical Geography of the Sea and its Meteorology.** Being a Reconstruction and Enlargement of his former Work ; with illustrative Charts and Diagrams. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- May (J. W.) A Treatise on the Law of Insurance.** Third Edition. 8vo. 38s.
- Mayo (Dr.)** *See* Never Again.
- McMullen's History of Canada.** 8vo. 16s.
- Mercier (Rev. L.) Outlines of the Life of the Lord Jesus Christ.** 2 vols. crown 8vo. 15s.
- Meridiana.** *See* Verne.
- Michell (N.) The Heart's Great Rulers, a Poem, and Wanderings from the Rhine to the South Sea Islands.** Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Milton's Complete Poetical Works ; with Concordance by W. D. CLEVELAND.** New Edition. 8vo. 12s. ; morocco 1l. 1s.
- **Paradise Lost, with the original Steel Engravings of JOHN MARTIN.** Printed on large paper, royal 4to. handsomely bound. 3l. 13s. 6d.
- Miss Dorothy's Charge.** By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "My Cousin Elenor." 3 vols. crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.
- Missionary Geography (The) ; a Manual of Missionary Operations in all parts of the World, with Map and Illustrations.** Fcap. 3s. 6d.
- Mistress Judith. A Cambridgeshire Story.** By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER, Author of "Jasmine Leigh." A New and Cheaper Edition. In one volume, small post 8vo., cloth extra. 6s.
- "We do not remember ever to have read a story more perfect of its kind than 'Mistress Judith.'"—*Athenaeum*.
- "We can only simply say it is admirable."—*Morning Post*.
- "We will not spoil the reader's interest in such a simple and touching tale as this, by setting before him a bare statement of its course and ending."—*Graphic*.
- Monk of Monk's Own.** 3 vols. 31s. 6d.
- Montaigne's Essays.** *See* Gentle Life Series.
- Morgan's Macaronic Poetry.** 16mo. 12s.
- Mother Goose's Melodies for Children.** Square 8vo., cloth extra. 7s. 6d.
- Mountain (Bishop) Life of.** By his Son. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- My Summer in a Garden.** *See* Warner.
- My Cousin Maurice.** A Novel. 3 vols. Cloth, 31s. 6d.
- My Lady's Cabinet.** Charmingly Decorated with Lovely Drawings and Exquisite Miniatures. Contains Seventy-five Pictures. Royal 4to., and very handsomely bound in cloth. 1l. 1s.
- "The fittest ornament for a Lady's Cabinet which this season has produced."—*Athenaeum*.
- "Forms an excellent pretty book for the drawing-room table."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.
- "A very pretty idea, carried out with much taste and elegance."—*Daily News*.

**My Lady's Boudoir for 1874**, containing numerous choice gems of Art. 4to., cloth extra. 21s.

**My Wife and I.** *See* Mrs. Stowe.



**NAPOLEON I., Recollections of.** By Mrs. ABELL (late Miss Elizabeth Balcombe). Third Edition. Revised throughout with additional matter by her daughter, Mrs. CHARLES JOHNSTONE. 1 volume, demy 8vo. With Steel Portrait of Mrs. Abell, and Woodcut Illustrations. Cloth, extra, gilt edges, 10s. 6d.

**Napoleon III. in Exile: The Posthumous Works and Unpublished Autographs.** Collected and arranged by COUNT DE LA CHAPELLE, Coadjutor in the last Works of the Emperor at Chislehurst. 1 volume, demy 8vo., cloth extra. 14s.

**Narrative of Edward Crewe, The.** Personal Adventures and Experiences in New Zealand. Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 5s.

**Never Again: a Novel.** By Dr. MAYO, Author of "Kaloolah." New and Cheaper Edition, in One Vol., small post 8vo. 6s. Cheapest edition, fancy boards, 2s.

"Puts its author at once into the very first rank of novelists."  
—*The Athenaeum*.

**New Testament.** The Authorized English Version; with the various Readings from the most celebrated Manuscripts, including the Sinaitic, the Vatican, and the Alexandrian MSS., in English. With Notes by the Editor, Dr. TISCHENDORF. The whole revised and carefully collected for the Thousandth Volume of Baron Tauchnitz's Collection. Cloth flexible, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.; cheaper style, 2s.; or sewed, 1s. 6d.

**Noel (Hon. Roden) Livingstone in Africa; a Poem.** By the Hon. RODEN NOEL, Author of "Beatrice," &c. Post 8vo., limp cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

**Nordhoff (C.) California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence.** A Book for Travellers and Settlers. Numerous Illustrations, 8vo., cloth extra. 12s. 6d.

— **Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands.** Square 8vo., cloth extra, price 12s.

**Nothing to Wear, and Two Millions.** By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER. 1s.

**Nystrom's Mechanic's Pocket Book.** 12th edition. 18s.



**NEAN to Ocean.** Sandford Fleming's Expedition through Canada in 1872. Being a Diary kept during a Journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific with the Expedition of the Engineer-in-Chief of the Canadian Pacific and Intercolonial Railways. By the Rev. GEORGE M. GRANT, of Halifax, N.S., Secretary to the Expedition. With Sixty Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth extra, pp. 372. 10s. 6d.

Old Fashioned Girl. See Alcott.

Oliphant (Mrs.) Innocent. A Tale of Modern Life. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," &c., &c. With Eight full-page Illustrations. Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 6s.

One Only; A Novel. By ELEANOR C. PRICE. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., cloth, 21s.

Only Eve. By Mrs. J. CALBRAITH LUNN, Three Vols. post 8vo. cloth. 31s. 6d.

Other Girls (The). See Whitney (Mrs.)

Our American Cousins at Home. By VERA, Author of "Under the Red Cross." Illustrated with Pen and Ink Sketches, by the Author, and several fine Photographs. Crown 8vo, cloth. 9s.

Our Little Ones in Heaven. Edited by Rev. H. ROBBINS. With Frontispiece after Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Second Edition. Fcap. 3s. 6d.

**PALLISER (Mrs.) A History of Lace, from the Earliest Period.** A New and Revised Edition, with upwards of 100 Illustrations and coloured Designs. 1 vol. 8vo. 12. 1s.

"One of the most readable books of the season; permanently valuable, always interesting, often amusing, and not inferior in all the essentials of a gift book."—*Times*.

— Historic Devices, Badges, and War Cries. 8vo. 12. 1s.

— The China Collector's Pocket Companion. With upwards of 1,000 Illustrations of Marks and Monograms. Small post 8vo., limp cloth, 5s.

"We scarcely need add that a more trustworthy and convenient handbook does not exist, and that others besides ourselves will feel grateful to Mrs. Palliser for the care and skill she has bestowed upon it."—*Academy*.

Paper Manufacture. See Hofmann.

Parsons (T.) A Treatise on the Law of Marine Insurance and General Average. By Hon. THEOPHILUS PARSONS. 2 vols. 8vo. 32. 3s.

— A Treatise on the Law of Shipping. 2 vols. 8vo. 32. 3s.

Parisian Family. From the French of Madame GUIZOT DE WITT; by Author of "John Halifax." Fcap. 5s.

Phelps (Miss) Gates Ajar. 32mo. 6d.; 4d.

— Men, Women, and Ghosts. 12mo. Sewed, 1s. 6d. cloth, 2s.

— Hedged In. 12mo. Sewed, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.

— Silent Partner. 5s.

— Trotty's Wedding Tour. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

— What to Wear. Foolscap 8vo., fancy boards. 1s.

**Phillips (L.) Dictionary of Biographical Reference.** 8vo.  
2l. 12s. 6d.

**Phillips' Law of Insurance.** 5th Edition, 2 vols. 3l. 3s.

**Picture Gallery of British Art (The).** Twenty beautiful and Permanent Photographs after the most celebrated English Painters. With Descriptive Letterpress. One Volume, demy 4to. cloth extra, gilt edges. 12s.

**Picture Gallery Annual.** 4to. cloth extra. 18s.

**Picture Gallery of Sacred Art (The).** Containing Twenty very fine Examples in Permanent Photography after the Old Masters. With Descriptive Letterpress. Demy 4to. cloth extra, gilt edges. 12s.

**Pike (N.) Sub-Tropical Rambles in the Land of the Aphanapteryx.** In 1 vol. demy 8vo. 18s. Profusely Illustrated from the Author's own Sketches, also with Maps and valuable Meteorological Charts.

**Pilgrimage of the Tiber.** *Sæ Davies* (Wm.).

**Plattner's Manual of Qualitative and Quantitative Analysis with the Blow-Pipe.** From the last German Edition, revised and enlarged. By Prof. TH. RICHTER, of the Royal Saxon Mining Academy. Translated by Prof. H. B. CORNWALL, Assistant in the Columbia School of Mines, New York. Illustrated with 87 Woodcuts and 1 Lithographic Plate. Second Edition, revised and reduced in price. 8vo. cloth. 31s. 6d.

**Plutarch's Lives.** An Entirely New and Library Edition. Edited by A. H. CLOUGH, Esq. 5 vols. 8vo. 2l. 10s.

— **Morals.** Uniform with Clough's Edition of "Lives of Plutarch." Edited by Professor GOODWIN. 5 vols. 8vo. 3s.

**Poe (E. A.) The Works of.** 4 vols. 2l. 2s.

**Poems of the Inner Life.** A New Edition, Revised, with many additional Poems, inserted by permission of the Authors. Small post 8vo., cloth. 5s.

**Polar Expedition.** *Sæ Koldewey.*

**Poor (H. V.) Manual of the Railroads of the United States for 1874-5;** Showing their Mileage, Stocks, Bonds, Cost, Earnings, Expenses, and Organisations, with a Sketch of their Rise, &c. 1 vol. 8vo. 24s.

**Portraits of Celebrated Women.** By C. A. STE-BEUVE. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

**A Practical Treatise on the Manufacture of Colours for Painting.** By MM. RIFFAULT, VERGNAUD and TOUSSAINT. Revised and Edited by M. F. MALEPEYRE. Translated from the French by A. A. FESQUET. Illustrated by 85 Engravings. 8vo. 31s. 6d.

**Preces Veterum.** Collegit et edidit Joannes F. France. Crown 8vo., cloth, red edges. 5s.

**Preu (M. T.) German Primer.** Square cloth. 2s. 6d.

**Prime (I.) Fifteen Years of Prayer.** Small post 8vo., cloth.  
3s. 6d.

— (E. D. G.) **Around the World.** Sketches of Travel  
through Many Lands and over Many Seas, 8vo., Illustrated. 14s.

— (W. C.) **I go a-Fishing.** Small post 8vo., cloth. 5s.

**Publishers' Circular (The), and General Record of British  
and Foreign Literature**; giving a transcript of the title-page of every  
work published in Great Britain, and every work of interest published  
abroad, with lists of all the publishing houses.

Published regularly on the 1st and 15th of every Month, and forwarded  
post free to all parts of the world on payment of 8s. per annum.

**Queer Things of the Service.** Crown 8vo., fancy boards.  
2s. 6d.



**ALSTON (W. R. S.) Early Russian History.**

Four Lectures delivered at Oxford by W. R. S. RALSTON  
M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

**Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.** By Dr. JOHNSON. With  
Introduction by the Rev. WILLIAM WEST, Vicar of Nairn. (Bayard  
Series). 2s. 6d.

**Red Cross Knight (The).** *See* Spenser.

**Reid (W.) After the War.** Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**Reindeer, Dogs, &c.** *See* Bush.

**Reminiscences of America in 1869, by Two Englishmen.**  
Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**Reynard the Fox.** The Prose Translation by the late THOMAS  
ROSCOE. With about 100 exquisite Illustrations on Wood, after designs  
by A. J. ELWES. Imperial 16mo. cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"Will yield to none either in the interest of its text or excellence of its  
engravings."—*Standard*.

"A capital Christmas book."—*Globe*.

"The designs are an ornament of a delightful text."—*Times*, Dec. 24.

**Richardson (A. S.) Stories from Old English Poetry.**  
Small post 8vo., cloth. 5s.

**Riffault (M.M.) A Practical Treatise on the Manufacture  
of Colours for Painting.** Illustrated. 31s. 6d.

**Rivington's (F.) Life of St. Paul.** With map. 5s.

**Roche foucauld's Reflections.** Flexible cloth extra. 2s. 6d.  
(Bayard Series.)

Rogers (S.) *Pleasures of Memory.* See "Choice Editions of Choice Books." 5s.

Rohlf's (Dr. G.) *Adventures in Morocco and Journeys through the Oases of Draa and Tafflet.* By Dr. GERHARD ROHLF'S, Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. Translated from the German. With an Introduction by WINWOOD READE. Demy 8vo., Map, and Portrait of the Author, cloth extra, 12s.

"He throws, indeed, quite a flood of light on the religious, political, and social life of the Moors."—*Graphic*.

"Will have great and permanent value as a repository of facts."—*The Scotsman*.

"As an explorer of the interior of the vast African continent, Gerhard Rohlf's stands next to Barth and Livingstone."—*Athenaeum*.



ANDEAU (J.) See *Sea-Gull Rock*.

SANTO DOMINGO, Past and Present. See Hazard.

Sauzay (A.) *Marvels of Glass Making.* Numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Schiller's *Lay of the Bell*, translated by Lord Lytton. With 42 illustrations after Retsch. Oblong 4to. 14s.

School Books. See *Classified*.

School Prizes. See *Books*.

Schweinfurth (Dr. G.) *The Heart of Africa; or, Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of the Centre of Africa.* By Dr. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH. Translated by ELLEN E. FRIEWER. Two volumes, 8vo., upwards of 500 pages each, with 130 Woodcuts from Drawings made by the Author, and 2 Maps. 42s.

[*Second Edition.*]

N.B.—The Text is translated from the Author's Unpublished Manuscript.

\*.\* For long reviews of this important work, see the *Athenaeum* (two notices), *Saturday Review*, *Spectator* (three notices), *Illustrated News*, *Graphic*, *Pictorial World*, *Ocean Highways*, *Nature*, *Daily News*, *Telegraph*, *Standard*, *Globe*, *Echo*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Literary World*, &c.

\*.\* A pamphlet containing the principal reviews will be forwarded gratuitously on application.

*Sea-Gull Rock.* By Jules Sandeau, of the French Academy. Translated by ROBERT BLACK, M.A. With Seventy-nine very beautiful Woodcuts. Royal 16mo., cloth extra, gilt edges. 7s. 6d.

"A story more fascinating, more replete with the most rollicking fun, the most harrowing scenes of suspense, distress, and hair-breadth escapes from danger, was seldom before written, published, or read."—*Athenaeum*.

"It deserves to please the new nation of boys to whom it is presented."—*Times*.

"The very best French story for children we have ever seen."—*Standard*.

"A delightful treat."—*Illustrated London News*.

"Admirable, full of life, pathos, and fun. . . . It is a striking and attractive book."—*Guardian*.

"This story deserves to be a great favourite with English boys as well as with French."—*Saturday Review*.

- Sedgwick, (T.)** *Treatise on the Measure of Damages.* 8vo.  
6th Edition. 2*l.* 5*s.*
- Shadow of the Rock.** *See* Bickersteth.
- Silent Hour (The),** Essays original and selected, by the author  
of "The Gentle Life." Second edition. 6*s.*
- Silliman (Benjamin)** *Life of,* by G. P. FISHER. 2 vols.  
crown 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.*
- Simson (W.)** *A History of the Gipsies, with specimens of  
the Gipsy Language.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
- Smith and Hamilton's French Dictionary.** 2 vols. Cloth,  
21*s.* : half roan, 22*s.*
- Socrates. Memoirs, from Xenophon's Memorabilia.** By  
E. LEVIEN. Flexible cloth. 2*s.* 6*d.* Bayard Series.
- Spayth (Henry)** *The American Draught-Player.* 2nd  
edition. 12mo. 12*s.* 6*d.*
- Spray from the Water of Elisenbrunnen.** By GODFREY  
MAYNARD. Small Post 8vo. Fancy Boards. 2*s.* 6*d.*
- St. Cecilia, a modern tale of Real Life.** 3 vols. post 8vo.  
31*s.* 6*d.*
- Stanley (H. M.)** *How I Found Livingstone.* Crown 8vo.,  
cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.* This Edition contains all the small Illustrations, and  
a long Introductory Chapter on the Death of Livingstone, with a brief  
Memoir and Extracts from Dr. Livingstone's last Correspondence with  
Mr. Stanley not yet published.
- \* \* This Edition has been revised most carefully from beginning to end,  
and all matters of a personal or irrelevant character omitted.
- N.B.—Copies of the Original Edition, cloth extra, gilt edges, may  
be had, 10*s.* 6*d.*
- "My Kalulu," Prince, King, and Slave. A Story  
from Central Africa. Crown 8vo., about 430 pp., with numerous graphic  
Illustrations, after Original Designs by the Author. Cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*
- **Coomassie and Magdala:** A Story of Two British  
Campaigns in Africa. Demy 8vo., with Maps and Illustrations, 16*s.*  
Second Edition.
- "His new book, telling the story of two campaigns, will be almost as  
welcome as that which told of the finding of Livingstone."—*Daily News.*
- "We are struck throughout his volume by the shrewdness of his  
surmises when he is guessing in the dark, and of the frequency with  
which his hurried judgments are confirmed."—*Times.*
- "He fairly wins admiration by the frank and yet stern eloquence of  
his narrative."—*Telegraph.*
- "Mr. Stanley writes in a brisk and characteristic style, full of pic-  
turesqueness and vivacity. . . . We commend it as a spirited and  
graphic story of an expedition which reflected credit on all who took  
part in it."—*Standard.*



- Steele (Thos.)** Under the Palms. A Volume of Verse. By THOMAS STEELE, translator of "An Eastern Love Story." Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, 5s.
- Stewart (D.)** Outlines of Moral Philosophy, by Dr. McCosh. New edition. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
- Stone (J. B.)** A Tour with Cook Through Spain. Illustrated by Photographs. Crown 8vo., cloth. 6s.
- Stories of the Great Prairies**, from the Novels of J. F. COOPER. With numerous illustrations. 5s.
- Stories of the Woods**, from J. F. COOPER. 5s.
- Sea, from J. F. COOPER. 5s.
- Story without an End**, from the German of Carové, by the late Mrs. SARAH T. AUSTIN, crown 4to. with 15 exquisite drawings by E. V. B., printed in colours in facsimile of the original water colours, and numerous other illustrations. New edition. 7s. 6d.
- square, with illustrations by HARVEY. 2s. 6d.
- of the Great March, a Diary of General Sherman's Campaign through Georgia and the Carolinas. Numerous illustrations. 12mo. cloth, 7s. 6d.
- Stowe (Mrs. Beecher).** Dred. Tauchnitz edition. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
- Geography, with 60 illustrations. Square cloth, 4s. 6d.
- House and Home Papers. 12mo. boards, 1s.; cloth extra, 2s. 6d.
- Little Foxes. Cheap edition, 1s.; library edition, 4s. 6d.
- Men of our Times, with portrait. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
- Minister's Wooing. 5s.; copyright series, 1s. 6d. cloth, 2s.
- Old Town Folk. 6s. Cheap Edition, 2s. 6d.
- Old Town Fireside Stories. Cloth extra. 3s. 6d.
- My Wife and I; or, Harry Henderson's History. Small post 8vo, cloth extra. 6s.
- "She has made a very pleasant book."—*Guardian*.  
"From the first page to the last the book is vigorous, racy, and enjoyable."—*Daily Telegraph*.
- Pink and White Tyranny. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. Cheap Edition, 1s. 6d. and 2s.
- Queer Little People. 1s.; cloth, 2s.
- Religious Poems; with illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Chimney Corner. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.
- The Pearl of Orr's Island. Crown 8vo. 5s.
- Little Pussey Willow. Fcap. 2s.
- (Professor Calvin E.) The Origin and History of the Books of the New Testament, Canonical and Apocryphal. 8vo. 8s. 6d.
- Woman in Sacred History. Illustrated with 15 chromo-lithographs and about 200 pages of letterpress, forming one of the most elegant and attractive volumes ever published. Demy 4to. cloth extra, gilt edges, price 1l. 5s.

**STORY'S (JUSTICE) WORKS:**

**Commentaries on the Law of Agency, as a Branch of Commercial and Maritime Jurisprudence.** 8th Edition. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

**Commentaries on the Law of Bailments.** 8th Edition. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

**Commentaries on the Law of Bills of Exchange, Foreign and Inland, as administered in England and America.** 4th Edition. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

**Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws, Foreign and Domestic, in regard to Contracts, Rights, and Remedies, and especially in regard to Marriages, Divorces, Wills, Successions, and Judgments.** 7th Edition. 8vo. 1*l.* 15*s.*

**Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States; with a Preliminary Review of the Constitutional History of the Colonies and States before the adoption of the Constitution.** 4th Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* 3*s.*

**Commentaries on the Law of Partnership as a branch of Commercial and Maritime Jurisprudence.** 6th Edition. by E. H. BENNETT. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

**Commentaries on the Law of Promissory Notes, and Guarantees of Notes and Cheques on Banks and Bankers.** 6th Edition; by E. H. BENNETT. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

**Commentaries on Equity Pleadings and the Incidents relating thereto, according to the Practice of the Courts of Equity of England and America.** 8th Edition. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

**Commentaries on Equity Jurisprudence as administered in England and America.** 11th Edition. 3*l.* 15*s.*

**Treatise on the Law of Contracts.** By WILLIAM W. STORY. 4th Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* 3*s.*

**Treatise on the Law of Sales of Personal Property.** 4th Edition, edited by Hon. J. C. PERKINS. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

**Sub-Tropical Rambles.** *See* Pike (N.)

**Suburban Sketches, by the Author of "Venetian Life."** Post 8vo. 6*s.*

**Sullivan (G. C.) Dhow Chasing in Zanzibar Waters and on the Eastern Coast of Africa; a Narrative of Five Years' Experiences in the suppression of the Slave Trade. With Illustrations from Photographs and Sketches taken on the spot by the Author.** Demy 8vo, cloth extra. 16*s.* Second Edition.

**Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life, by the Author of "The Gayworthys,"** Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

**Sweet not Lasting.** A Novel, by ANNIE B. LEFURT.  
1 vol. crown 8vo., cloth. 10s. 6d.

**Swiss Family Robinson,** 12mo. 3s. 6d.



**TAUCHNITZ'S English Editions of German**

Authors. Each volume cloth flexible, 2s. ; or sewed, 1s. 6d.  
The following are now ready :—

**On the Heights.** By B. AUERBACH. 3 vols.

**In the Year '13.** By FRITZ REUTER. 1 vol.

**Faust.** By GOETHE. 1 vol.

**Undine, and other Tales.** By Fouqué. 1 vol.

**L'Arrabiata.** By PAUL HEYSE. 1 vol.

**The Princess, and other Tales.** By HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE. 1 vol.

**Lessing's Nathan the Wise.**

**Hacklander's Behind the Counter,** translated by MARY HOWITT.

**Three Tales.** By W. HAUFF.

**Joachim v. Kamern ; Diary of a Poor Young Lady.** By M. NATHUSIUS.

**Poems by Ferdinand Freiligrath.** Edited by his daughter.

**Gabriel.** From the German of PAUL HEYSE. By ARTHUR MILMAN.

**The Dead Lake, and other Tales.** By P. HEYSE.

**Through Night to Light.** By GUTZKOW.

**Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.** By JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

**The Princess of the Moor.** By Miss MARLITT.

**An Egyptian Princess.** By G. EBERS. 2 vols.

**Ekkehard.** By J. V. SCHEFFEL.

**Barbarossa and other Tales.** By PAUL HEYSE. From the German.  
By L. C. S.

**Tauchnitz (B.) German and English Dictionary,** Paper,  
1s. ; cloth, 1s. 6d. ; roan, 2s.

———— **French and English.** Paper 1s. 6d. ; cloth, 2s. ;  
roan, 2s. 6d.

———— **Italian and English.** Paper, 1s. 6d. ; cloth, 2s. ;  
roan, 2s. 6d.

———— **Spanish and English.** Paper, 1s. 6d. ; cloth, 2s. ;  
roan, 2s. 6d.

———— **New Testament.** Cloth, 2s. ; gilt, 2s. 6d. See New Testament.

**Taylor (C. B.)** *Sacred Records, &c., in Verse.* Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

**Taylor (Bayard)** *The Byeways of Europe; Visits by Unfrequented Routes to Remarkable Places.* By BAYARD TAYLOR, author of "Views Afoot." 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.

—— *Story of Kennett.* 2 vols. 16s.

—— *Hannah Thurston.* 3 vols. 1l. 4s.

—— *Travels in Greece and Russia.* Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

—— *Northern Europe.* Post 8vo. Cloth, 8s. 6d.

—— *Egypt and Central Africa.*

—— *Beauty and the Beast.* Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

—— *A Summer in Colorado.* Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

—— *Joseph and his Friend.* Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

—— *Views Afoot.* Enamelled boards, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.  
*See Low's Copyright Edition.*

**Tennyson's May Queen;** choicely Illustrated from designs by the Hon. Mrs. BOYLE. Crown 8vo. *See Choice Series.* 5s.

**Thomson (J.)** *See Illustrations of China.*

**Thomson (Stephen).** *See Chefs-d'Œuvre of Art.*

**Thomson (W. M.)** *The Land and the Book.* With 300 Illustrations. 2 vols. 1l. 1s.

**Threshold of the Unknown Region.** *See Markham.*

**Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Single and Married.** (Low's American Series). Vol. xxi. 1s. 6d. boards; 2s. cloth.

**Tinne (J. E.)** *The Wonderland of the Antipodes:* Sketches of Travel in the North Island of New Zealand. Illustrated with numerous Photographs. Demy 8vo., cloth extra. 16s.

**Tischendorf (Dr.)** *The New Testament.* *See New Testament.*

**Tolhausen (A.)** *The Technological Dictionary in the French, English, and German Languages.* Containing the Technical Terms used in the Arts, Manufactures, and Industrial Affairs generally. Revised and Augmented by M. Louis Tolhausen, French Consul at Leipzig. This Work will be completed in Three Parts.

The First Part, containing French-German-English, crown 8vo. 2 vols. sewed, 8s.; 1 vol. half roan, 9s.

The Second Part, containing English-German-French, crown 8vo. 2 vols. sewed, 8s.; 1 vol. bound, 9s.

A Third Part, containing German-English-French, is also in preparation.

\* \* The First Half of Part I. sewed. 4s.

**Townsend (John)** A Treatise on the Wrongs called Slander and Libel, and on the remedy, by civil action, for these wrongs. 8vo. Second Edition. 1*l.* 10*s.*

**Tuckermann (C. K.)** The Greeks of To-day. Crown 8vo. cloth. 7*s.* 6*d.*

**Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.** See Verne.

**Twenty Years Ago.** (Forming Volume 3 of the John Halifax Series of Girls' Books). Small post 8vo. 4*s.*

**Twining (Miss)** Illustrations of the Natural Orders of Plants, with Groups and Descriptions. By ELIZABETH TWINING. Reduced from the folio edition, splendidly illustrated in colours from nature. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. 5*l.* 5*s.*

**Under Seal of Confession.** By AVERIL BEAUMONT, Author of "Thornicroft's Model." 3 vols. crown 8vo., cloth. 31*s.* 6*d.*

**Unprofessional Vagabond.** See Carlisle (T.)



**ANDENHOFF'S (George), Clerical Assistant.**

Fcap. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Ladies' Reader (The). Fcap. 5*s.*

**Varia ; Rare Readings from Scarce Books,** by the author of "The Gentle Life." Reprinted by permission from the "Saturday Review," "Spectator," &c. 6*s.*

**Vaux (Calvert).** Villas and Cottages, a new edition, with 300 designs. 8vo. 15*s.*

## VERNE'S (JULES) WORKS.

**Five Weeks in a Balloon.** New Edition. Numerous Illustrations, printed on Toned Paper, and uniformly with "Around the World," &c. Square crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

**Meridiana : Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa.** Translated from the French. With Numerous Illustrations. Royal 16mo., cloth extra, gilt edges. 7*s.* 6*d.*

**The Fur Country.** Crown 8vo. With upwards of 80 Illustrations. Cloth extra. 10*s.* 6*d.*

**Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.** Translated and Edited by the Rev. L. P. MERRICK, M.A. With 113 very Graphic Woodcuts. Large post 8vo., cloth extra, gilt edges. 10*s.* 6*d.*

**Around the World in Eighty Days.** Numerous Illustrations. Square crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

**From the Earth to the Moon, and a Trip Round It.** Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth, gilt edges. 10*s.* 6*d.* New Edition.

**A Floating City and the Blockade Runners.** Containing about 40 very fine Full-page Illustrations. Square crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt edges. 7*s.* 6*d.*

**Very Far West Indeed.** *See* Johnson.

**Viardot (L.) Wonders of Italian Art**, numerous photographic and other illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.

—— **Wonders of Painting**, numerous photographs and other illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.

—— **Wonders of Sculpture.** Numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.

**Vincent (F.) The Land of the White Elephant: Sights and Scenes in South-Eastern Asia.** A Personal Narrative of Travel and Adventure in Farther India, embracing the countries of Burmah, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin China, 1871-2. With Maps, Plans, and numerous Illustrations. 8vo. cloth extra. 18s.



**AKE ROBIN; a Book about Birds**, by JOHN BURROUGHS. Crown 8vo. 5s.

**Warner (C. D.) My Summer in a Garden.** Boards, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. (*Low's Copyright Series.*)

—— **Back-log Studies.** Boards 1s. 6d.; cloth 2s. (*Low's Copyright Series.*)

**We Girls.** *See* Whitney.

**Webster (Daniel) Life of**, by GEO. T. CURTIS. 2 vols. 8vo. Cloth. 36s.

**Werner (Carl), Nile Sketches**, Painted from Nature during his travels through Egypt. Facsimiles of Water-colour Paintings executed by GUSTAV W. SEITZ; with Descriptive Text by Dr. E. A. BREHM and Dr. DUMICHEN. Imperial folio, in Cardboard Wrapper. 3*l.* 10s.

Three Series, each £3 10s.

**Westminster Abbey and Palace.** 40 Photographic Views with Letterpress, dedicated to Dean Stanley. 4to. Morocco extra, £5 5s.

**Wheaton (Henry) Elements of International Law.** New edition. [*In the press.*]

**When George the Third was King.** 2 vols., post 8vo. 21s.

**Where is the City?** 12mo. cloth. 6s

**White (J.) Sketches from America.** 8vo. 12s.

40 *Sampson Low and Co.'s List of Publications.*

---

**White (R. G.)** *Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare.* Post 8vo. Cloth. 10s. 6d.

**Whitney (Mrs. A. D. T.),** *The Gayworthys.* Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

— **Faith Gartney.** Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. And in Low's Cheap Series, 1s. 6d. and 2s.

— **Hitherto.** Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

— **Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.** Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

— **The Other Girls.** Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 3s. 6d.

— **We Girls.** Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. Cheap Edition 1s. 6d. and 2s.

**Whyte (J. W. H.)** *A Land Journey from Asia to Europe.* Crown 8vo. 12s.

**Wills, A Few Hints on Proving, without Professional Assistance.** By a PROBATE COURT OFFICIAL. Fourth Edition, revised and considerably enlarged, with Forms of Wills, Residuary Accounts, &c. Fcap. 8vo, cloth limp. 1s.

**Winter at the Italian Lakes.** With Frontispiece View of Lake Como. Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 7s. 6d.

**Woman's (A) Faith.** A Novel. By the Author of "Ethel." 3 vols. Post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

**Wonders of Sculpture.** See Viardot.

**Worcester's (Dr.), New and Greatly Enlarged Dictionary of the English Language.** Adapted for Library or College Reference, comprising 40,000 Words more than Johnson's Dictionary. 4to. cloth, 1,834 pp. Price 31s. 6d. well bound; ditto, half mor. 2l. 2s.

"The volumes before us show a vast amount of diligence; but with Webster it is diligence in combination with fancifulness,—with Worcester in combination with good sense and judgment. Worcester's is the soberer and safer book, and may be pronounced the best existing English Lexicon."—*Athenæum*.

**Words of Wellington, Maxims and Opinions, Sentences and Reflections of the Great Duke,** gathered from his Despatches, Letters, and Speeches (Bayard Series). 2s. 6d.

**Young (L.)** *Acts of Gallantry;* giving a detail of every act for which the Silver Medal of the Royal Humane Society has been granted during the last Forty-one years. Crown 8vo., cloth. 7s. 6d.





1

